



FEATURING A NEW STAR...COWBOY SAHIB!



NO 26
DEC.

THE HOODED HORSEMAN

10¢

NEW---
BLAZING---
DIFFERENT!
Cowboy Sahib!
---THE WYOMING
WADDIE WHO DARED
JUNGLE PERILS---
For an
EMPIRE!



WEB COMIC UNIVERSE.COM



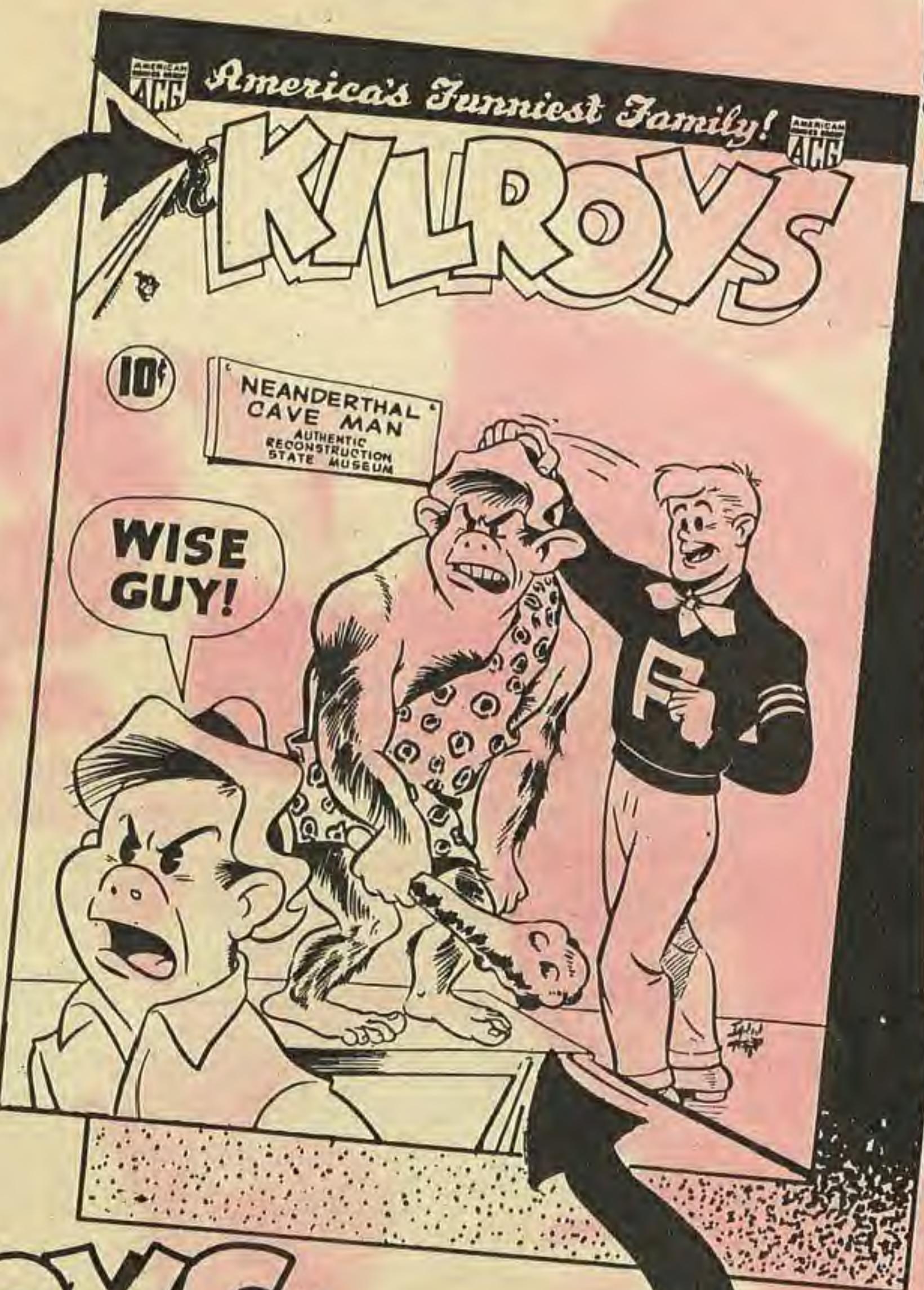
KILROY *is* HERE!

IN A SENSATIONAL SMASH COMICS MAGAZINE THAT'S TURNED THE TOWN TOPSY-TURVY!

the KILROYS

HOT OFF THE PRESS AND A BOMBSHELL OF BELLY-LAFFS ... SO BUY YOUR COPY **Now!** LATCH ON TO 'NATCH, THE TERRIFIC TEEN-AGER! MEET JUDY, HIS LITTLE LOVIN' OVEN "JACKSON, THE DOWNBEAT ATOM BOMB--AND MOM AND POP KILROY, IN PERSON!

THEY'RE ALL ON HAND FOR GIGGLES! SO IF YOU WANT TO SAY **KILROY WAS HERE**, AND MEAN IT,



Read
the KILROYS

America's Funniest Family!

10¢

ON ALL STANDS and

YOU'D BETTER HURRY!

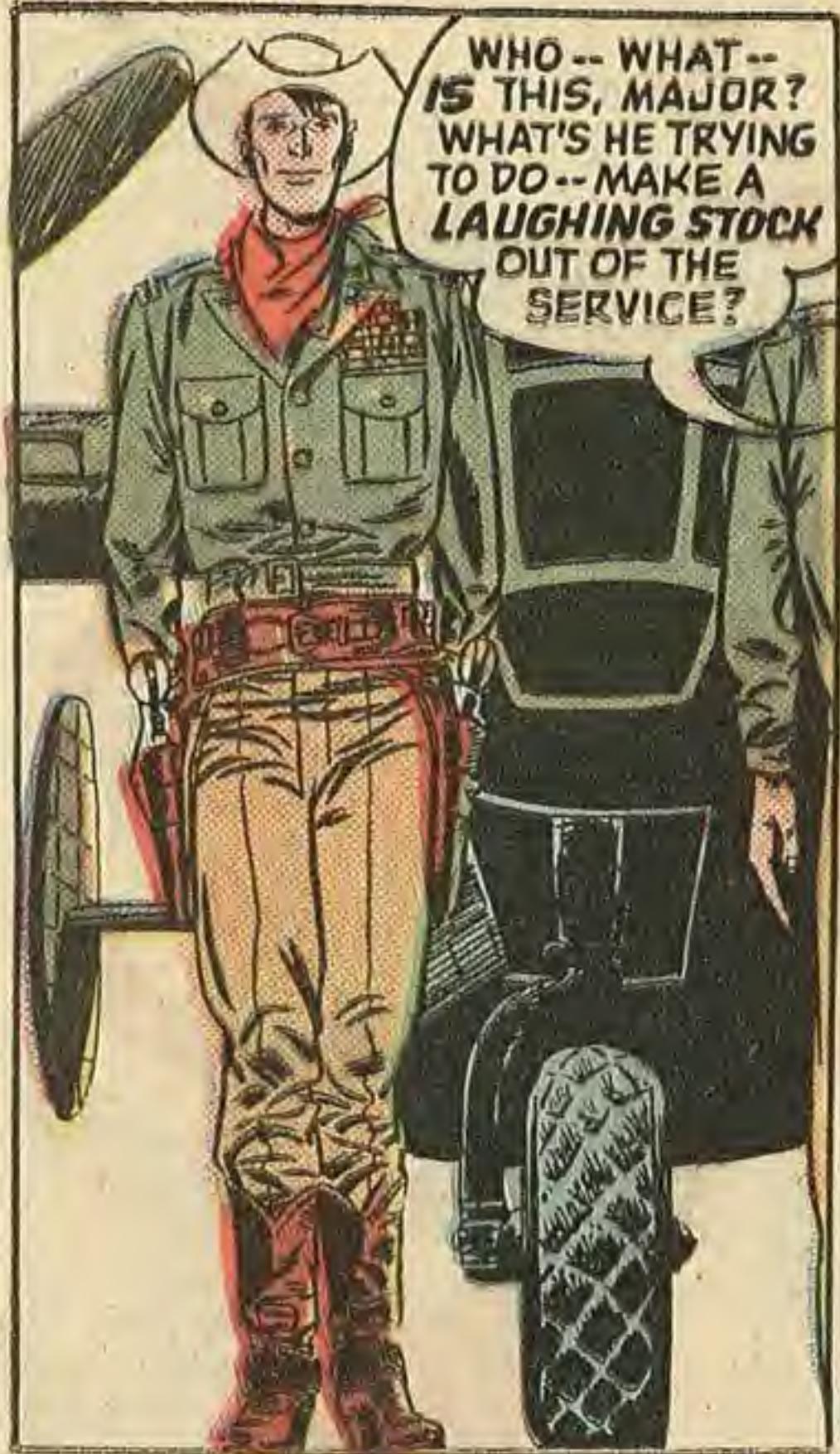


You've thrilled to sagas of the old west--tensed to tales of the flaming frontier where Judge Colt was law and badmen and painted Injuns ruled the plains! Now get set for spine-tingling western action that's **NEW**-- that's **DIFFERENT!** Gone are chuckwagons, dogies and bunkhouses! In their place, amazingly, you'll find tigers, cobras, sinister natives! And pitted against the deadly dangers of the mysterious jungles of India, a ripsnorting buckaroo such as you've **NEVER** met -- **COWBOY SAHIB!**

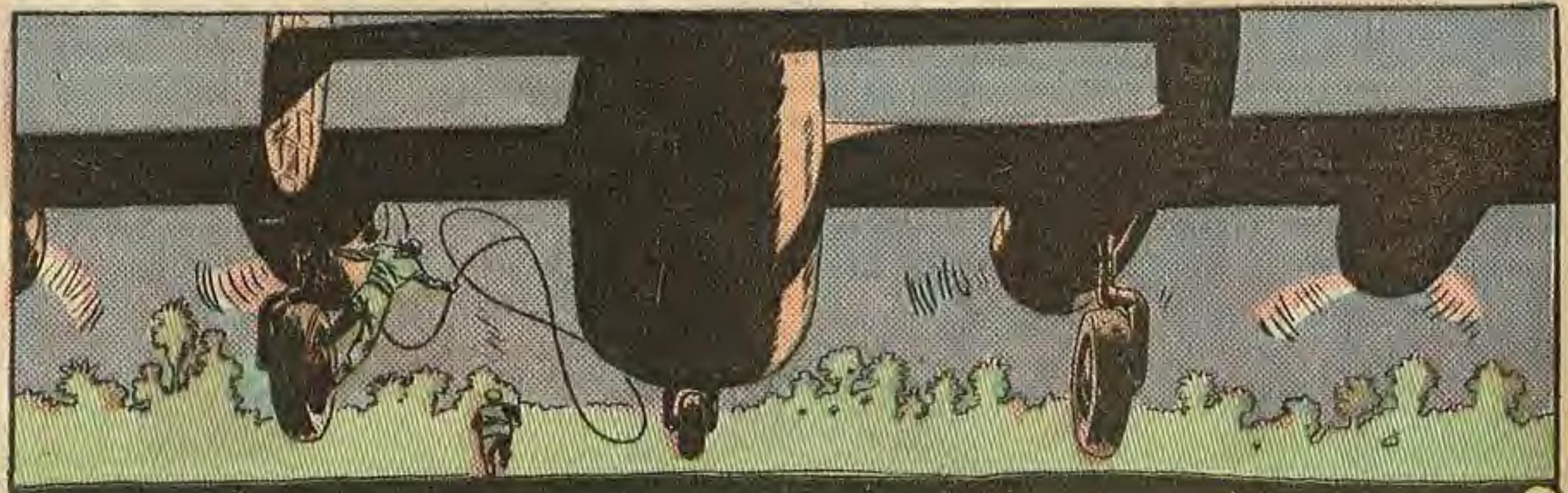
TIME: WORLD WAR II. PLACE: AN ALLIED AIR-FIELD IN THE C.B.I. THEATRE. AND, AS USUAL-- HIGH BRASS SOUNDING OFF--

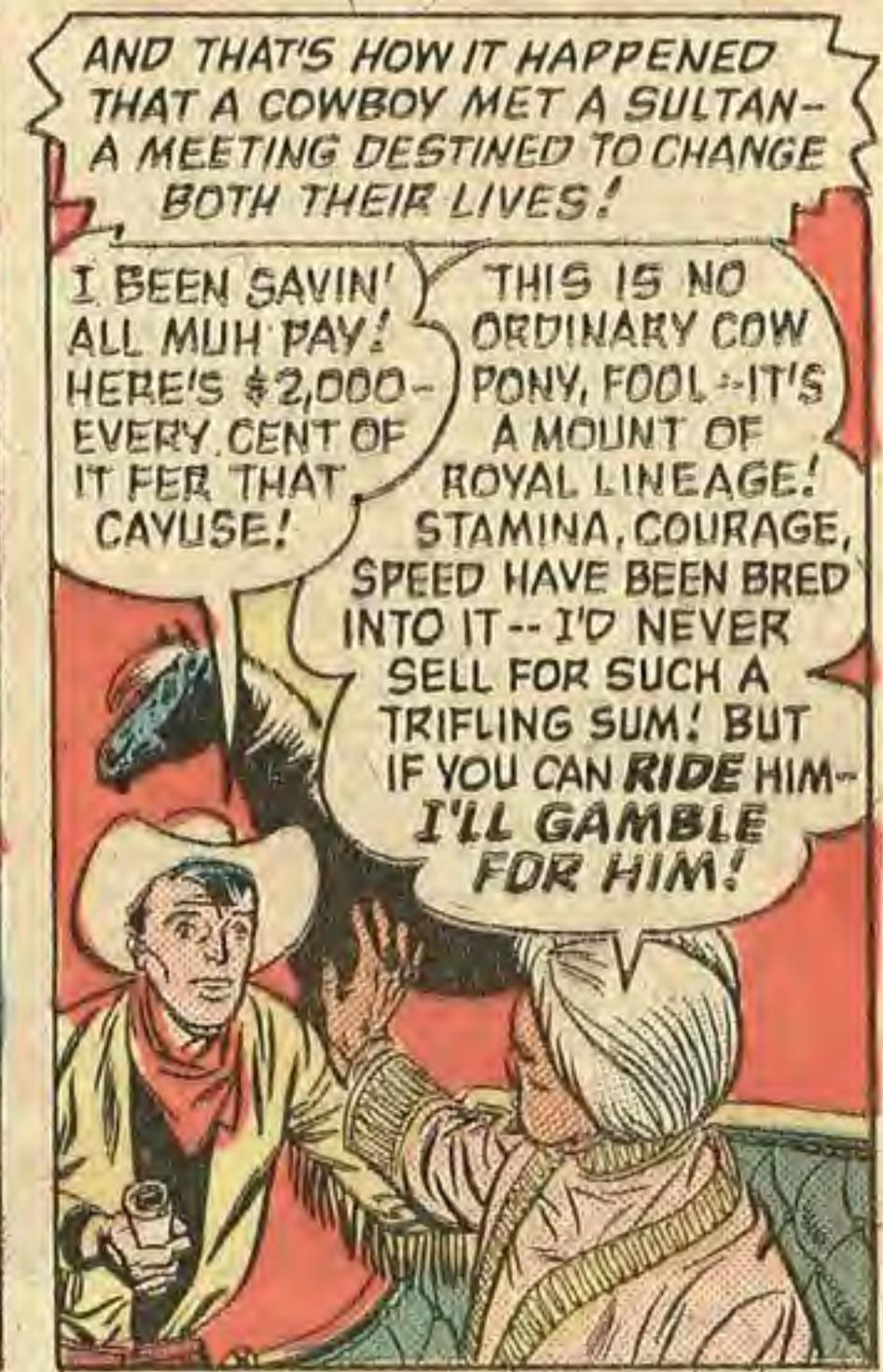


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IT WAS THE
STRANGEST SIGHT
THE PACIFIC
THEATRE HAD
EVER SEEN--
A WYOMING
WADDIE
HELPING TO
WIN THE WAR--
THE
WESTERN
WAY!





IT WAS A CHALLENGE THAT JOE COULDN'T REFUSE! HE DIDN'T KNOW THAT HE WAS PITTED AGAINST A HOOFED DEMON, A FIGHTING WHIRLWIND--



NO, THERE'D NEVER BEEN A HORSE LIKE THIS! IT CALLED FOR GUTS, FOR WESTERN KNOW-HOW -- AND A SPECIALIST ANSWERED THE CALL!



AND SO THE HORSE WAS BROKEN, THE BATTLE WON! NOW A NEW BATTLE COMMENCED -- GAMBLING FOR THE GREAT STALLION--



THE SULTAN'S BLOOD WAS UP -- HE LUSTED FOR REVENGE! BUT HE WAS UP AGAINST A MASTER POKER-PLAYER, WHO'D LEARNED THE FINE POINTS IN BUNKHOUSES THROUGHOUT THE WEST! HAND AFTER HAND WENT AGAINST HIM -- UNTIL --

CONFOUND YOU, INFIDEL -- TOUGH LUCK, SULTAN! YOU'VE WON AGAIN! THAT'S THE LAST OF MY CASH!

BUT SAY, THAT RING O' YORES -- IT KINDA FASCINATES ME! TELL YUH WHAT, I'LL PLAY YUH FER THAT!

FOOL! KNOW THAT THIS IS NO MERE RING, BUT THE SYMBOL OF A REALM ITSELF -- AND HE WHO WEARS IT CAN CLAIM IT FOR HIS OWN!

ALL I KNOW IS IT'S A MIGHTY PURTY RING, AN' I COTTON TUH OWN IT! I'M WILLIN' TUH PUSH MUH LUCK A MITE FURTHER, AN' GIVE YUH A CHANCE TUH EVEN UP! ALL MY Winnings, OUTSIDE O' THE HOSS -- AGAINST THAT RING! WE'LL CUT FER HIGH CARD!

-- BUT BEFORE WE CUT, I'LL HELP MUHSELF TUH THIS ACE YUH'VE BEEN WAITIN' FER A CHANCE TUH USE! BETTER PLAY FAIR AND DON'T RILE ME -- OR --



A HEALTHY RESPECT FOR THE COWBOY'S .45'S MADE THE INDIAN RULER MASK HIS VENOMOUS HATRED! THE CUT PROCEEDED -- AND --



BUT WITH CHAIN-LIGHTNING SPEED --

BACK, WADDIES! DON'T MAKE ME LOSE MUH TEMPER -- PLEASE DON'T MAKE ME LOSE MUH TEMPER!

BANG! BANG!



GOLDURN IT, I LOST IT!

BANG! BANG!

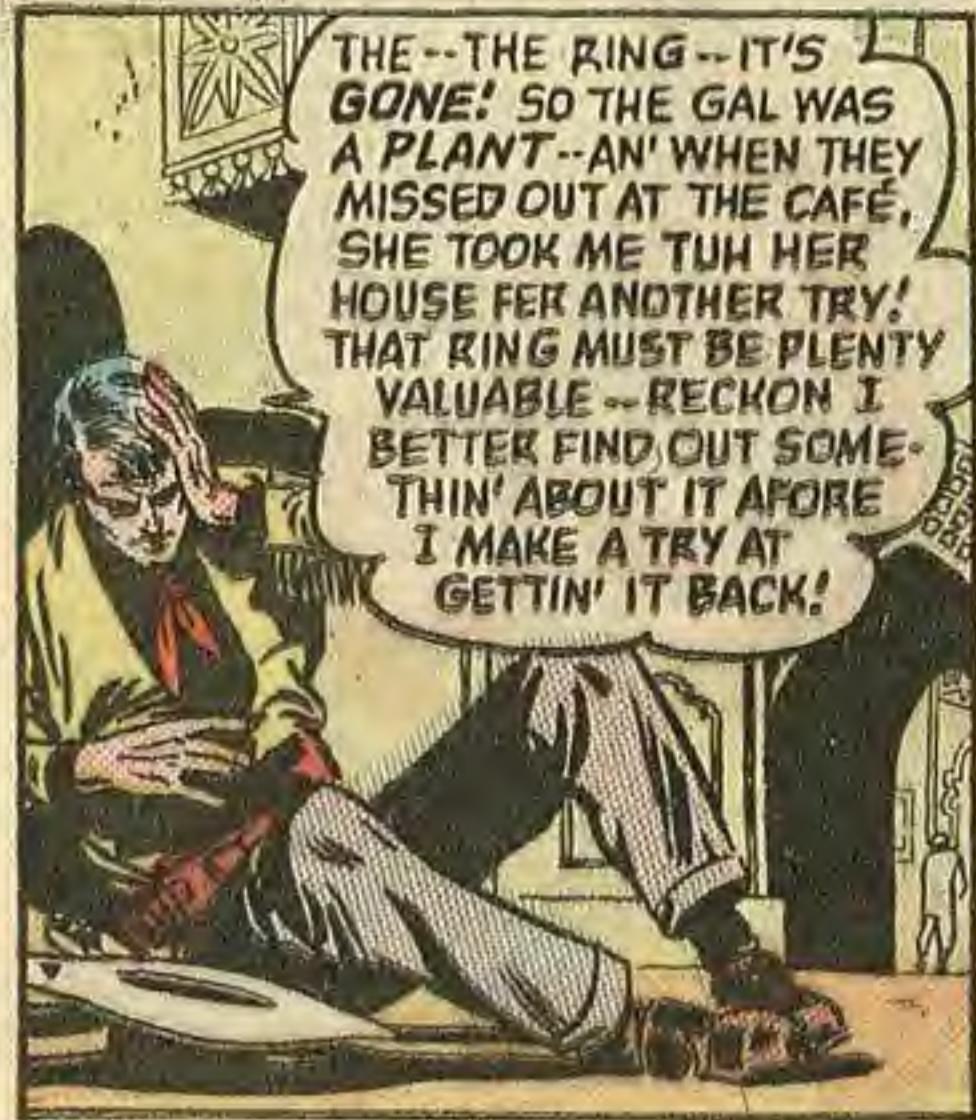
CRAK!



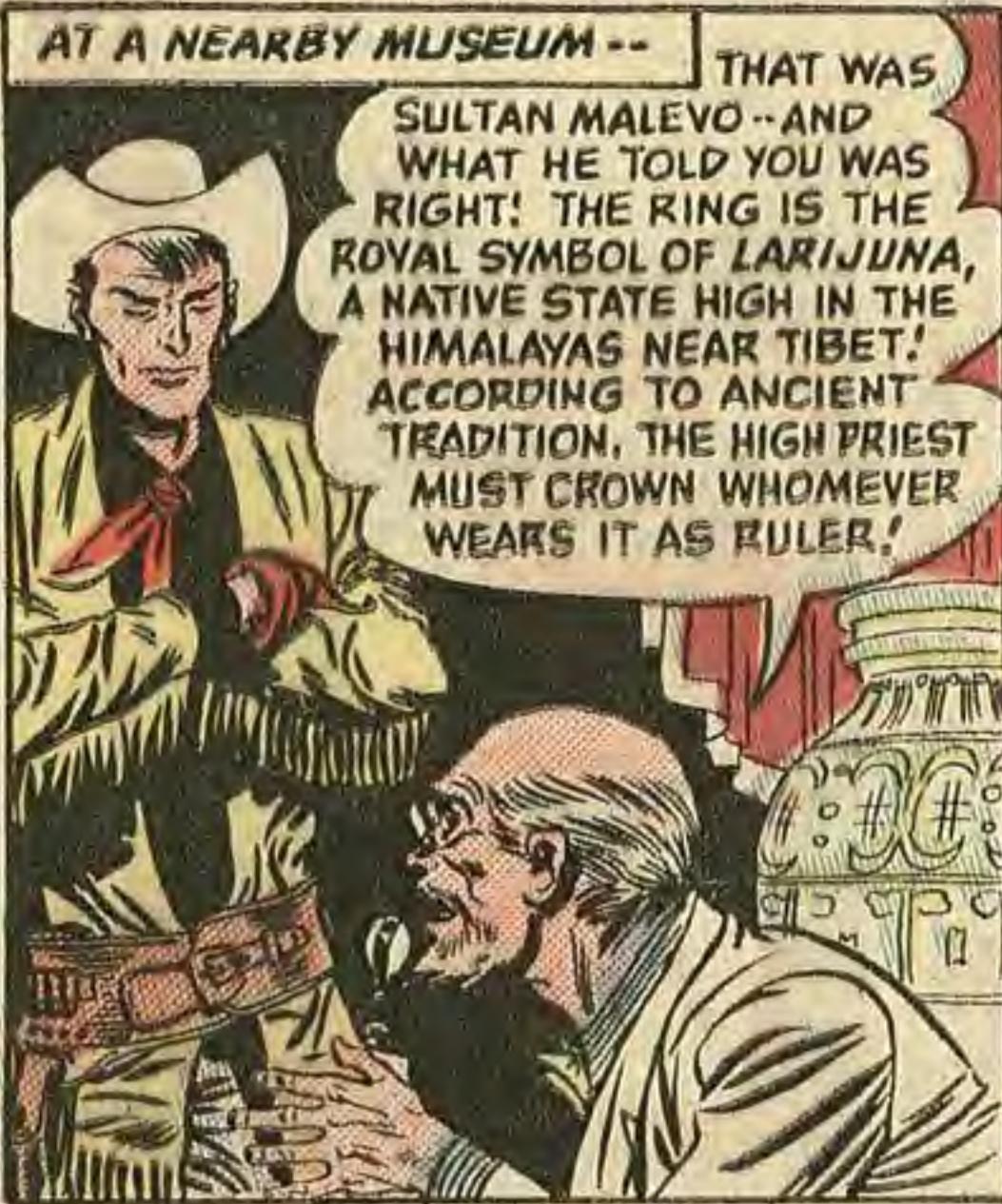
AND SO COWBOY JOE WON A HORSE--
AND A RING! THE THIRD THING
THAT CAME HIS WAY, NEXT DAY, WAS
AN ANONYMOUS NOTE! MAYBE HE
SHOULD HAVE SENSED TROUBLE--BUT
HE WAS NEVER ONE FOR WORRYING---



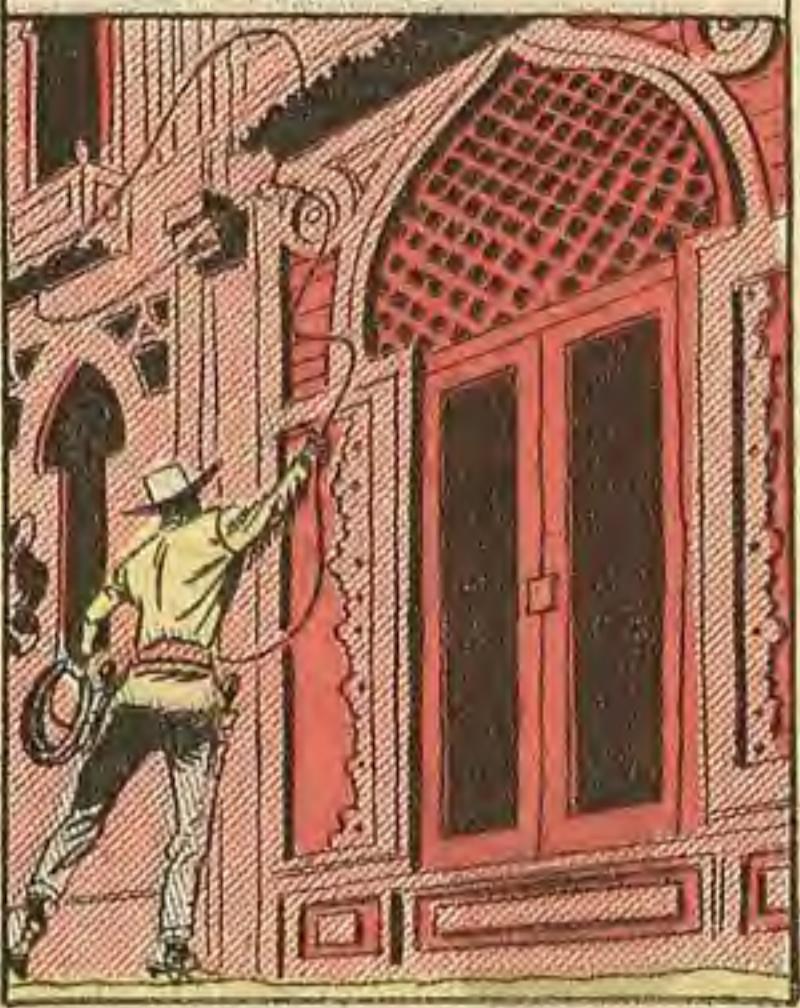
IT WAS HOURS LATER WHEN JOE RECOVERED -- IN A DARK AND DISTANT ALLEY --



AT A NEARBY MUSEUM --



AND SO, WITHIN THE MIND OF COWBOY JOE KING, A STRANGE RESOLVE WAS BORN! IT CARRIED HIM BACK TO THE NEPAL CAFÉ, WHERE --



WE WOULD HAVE SLAIN HIM AS YOU ORDERED, EXCELLENCY -- BUT THE GIRL TURNED SOFT!

THE INFIDEL SHOULD NEVER HAVE BEEN ALLOWED TO LIVE, FOOL! THE RING -- GIVE IT TO ME!



HOLD IT, YUH SIDE-WINDIN' RUSTLERS! I'LL TAKE THAT EMERALD!



AS FER YOU, ALMITA, MEBBE YUH STOPPED 'EM FROM KILLIN' ME, BUT YUH'RE STILL A JEZEBEL - A LYIN', NO-GOOD FEMALE -- AN' I HOPE I NEVER SEE YUH --

BEHIND YOU! LOOK OUT!







THEY LEFT THE CAPTIVE GIRL
HELPLESS, AWAITING THE DREAD
MARAUDER OF THE NIGHT! HE
WASN'T LONG IN COMING --



NO--NO! I'M GOING
TO DIE, BUT I--I MUSTN'T
CRY OUT! GIVE ME THE
STRENGTH -- TO
REMAIN SILENT--



BUT AS THE AWFUL BEAST STRUCK,
TERROR TOO GREAT FOR HUMAN
FLESH TO WITHSTAND
FOUND VOICE!

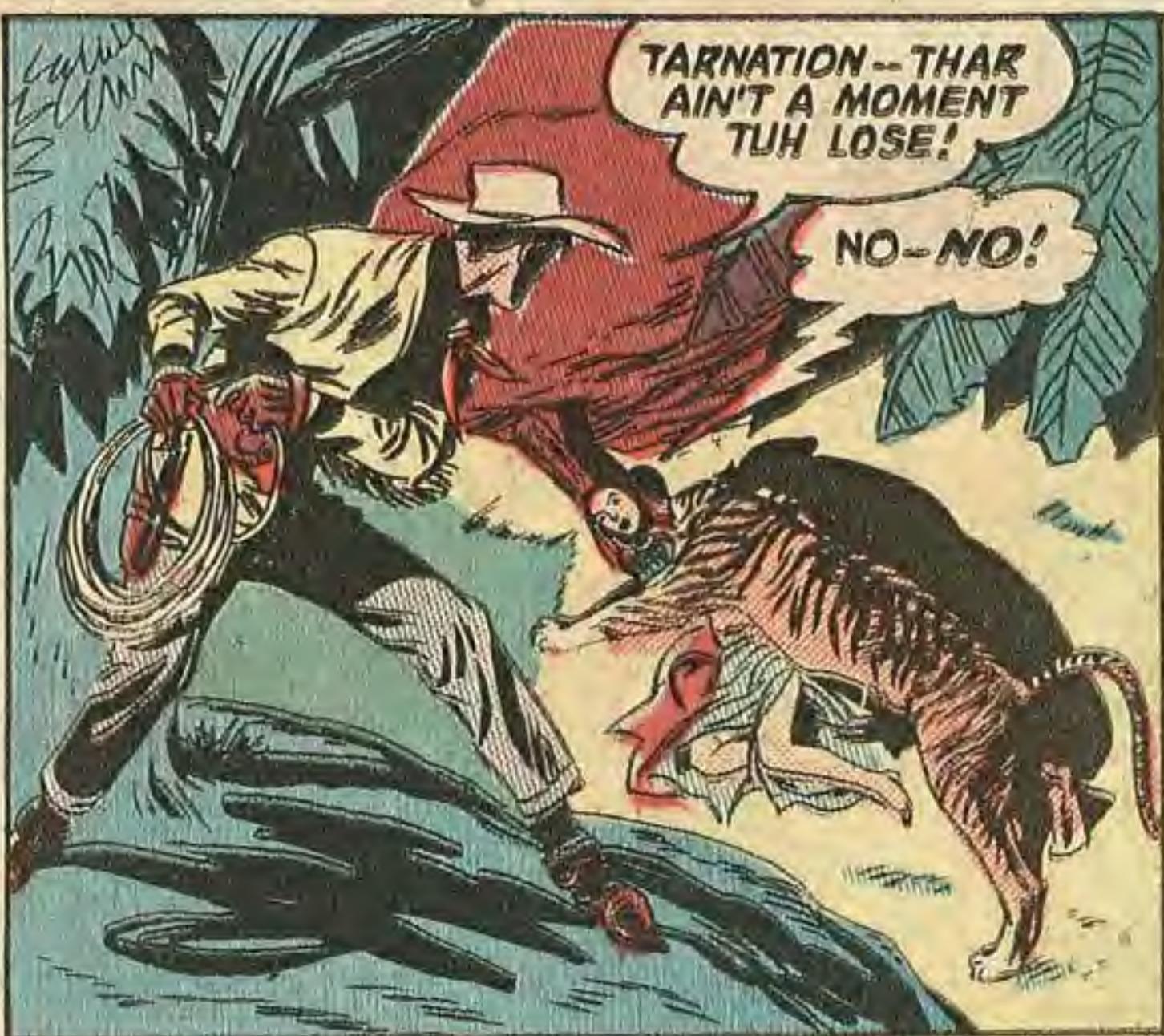


THAT WAS --
ALMITA!



TARNATION--THAR
AIN'T A MOMENT
TUH LOSE!

NO-NO!



ARR-RRR!



NEXT MOMENT,
IN A DARING
LEAP--

ALL RIGHT, YUH
FIGHTIN' MAVERICK--
CUT LOOSE!



YES, THE STRIPED KILLER CUT LOOSE-- IN A DEADLY MAN-BEAST DUEL SUCH AS HAD NEVER BEEN SEEN! FIGHT, YOU JUNGLE ASSASSIN, FIGHT! FOR, THIS TIME, YOUR OPPONENT IS A BATTLING BUCKAROO FROM THE BADLANDS!



SULTAN MALEVO CHOSE THIS MOMENT TO MAKE HIS BID ..

JUST AS I PLANNED! HE'S STRUGGLING FOR HIS LIFE--WE DON'T HAVE TO FEAR HIS GUNS NOW! SHOOT HIM DOWN!

BANG! BANG!



CREEPIN' COYOTES-- WHAT A TIME FER THEM TUH SHOW UP! THAR'S ENOUGH O' THEM WADDIES TUH PICK ME OFF AT LONG RANGE-- WHICH MEANS I GOTTA SHORTEN THAT RANGE!

EVER TRY PUTTING SPURS TO A TIGER? HERE'S ONE COWBOY WHO DID -- WITH TERRIFIC EFFECT!



AND SO THE NATIVES WERE ROUTED-- AND THE TIGER, WHO'D ALSO HAD ENOUGH, SLUNK BACK TO HIS JUNGLE REFUGE! JOE RETURNED TO ALMITA...

BUT THE SULTAN HAD COUNTED ON THIS! ALREADY HE HAD RALLIED THE REMNANTS OF HIS GUARD-- AND MILES FURTHER ON ALONG THE TRAIL --

AS JOE AND ALMITA APPROACHED-- FROM THE SHADOW OF A CONCEALING BLUFF--



WHERE-- WHERE ARE YOU GOING?

ON, SISTER-- RECKON IT'S THE ONLY WAY I KNOW! I DON'T TURN BACK!

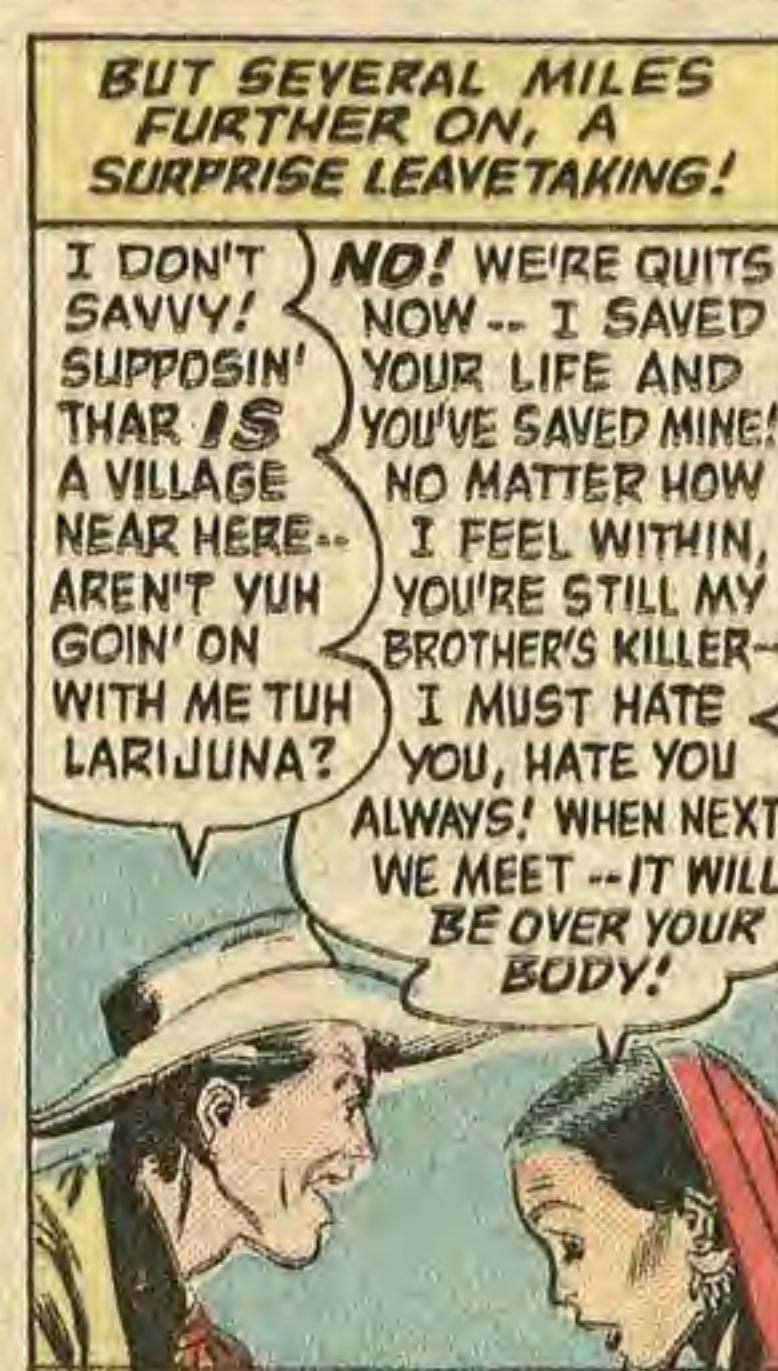


HURRY-- CUT AWAY THE BRIDGE! WE'LL WAIT IN HIDING INSIDE THE ARMORED CAR, SAFE FROM HIM! THIS WILL BE A TRAP FROM WHICH HE CAN'T ESCAPE!

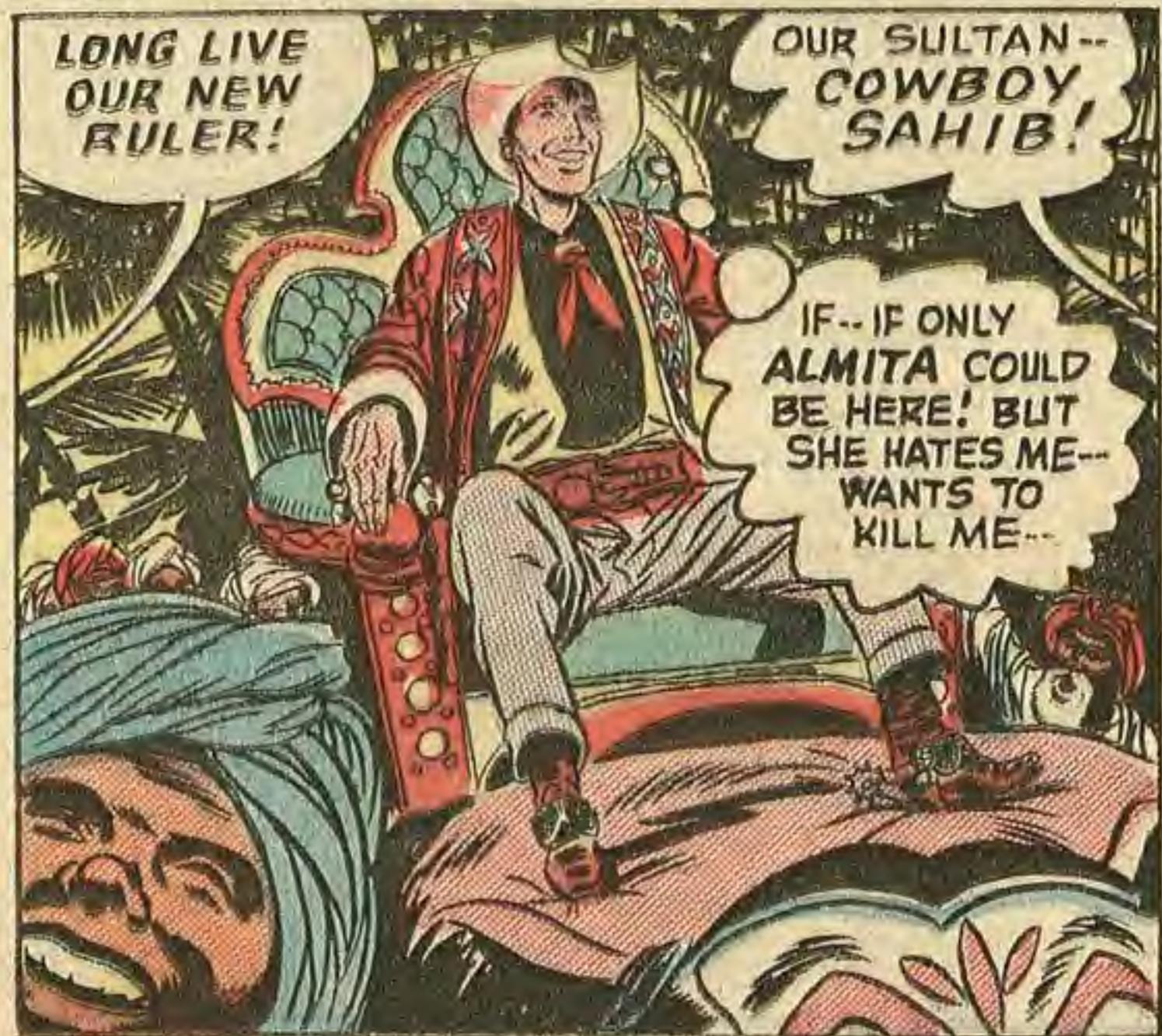
IT-- IT'S SULTAN MALEVO! WE CAIN'T RETREAT -- THEY'D SHOOT US DOWN LIKE DOGS! MUH MAP SHOWS THAR'S A NATIVE BRIDGE JEST AROUND THAT BEND IN THE TRAIL-- WE GOTTA MAKE A RUN FER IT!



BRAT-TAT TAT



AND WITHIN THE MOUNTAIN PRINCIPALITY OF LARIJUNA, THERE WAS REJOICING WITHIN THE NEXT FEW DAYS! FOR A CRUEL SULTAN NO LONGER RULED! THE ANCIENT CROWN WAS PLACED UPON THE HEAD OF A NEW RULER-- A STARTLING VISITOR FROM ANOTHER CONTINENT, KNOWN BY A STRANGE NEW TITLE--



GET SET FOR WAR AGAINST OUR FAVORITE WESTERNER! CAN COWBOY SAHIB MEET THE CHALLENGE OF ORIENTAL SAYAGERY? SEE THE BLAZING ANSWER IN OUR NEXT ISSUE!

STAMPEDE!

IT WAS LONG after dark, but the tired cowhands remained clustered around the chuck wagon, nervous and fretful. It had been a long and hard drive along the Abilene trail, and the restless herd, sniffing the night wind, seemed ready to bolt at the slightest unexpected sound. Out on the plain the handful of fringe riders were singing mournful songs softly, lulling dogies to sleep like worried mothers at the bedside of a sick child.

Then, from far off, came the growl of a mountain lion. Instantly six hundred steers threw up their heads, nostrils flaring, ears cocked. A moment later there was a deep, throaty roar, and like a mechanical gadget, six hundred heads lowered, front hooves pawed the earth furiously, and like a shot, the herd was flying in terror.

"STAMPEDE!" The cry of panic carried across the plain to the chuck wagon. The testing cowhands were instantly on their feet, springing for the horses. "Head 'em off!" somebody yelled as the mass of fear-crazed animals bore down on the chuck wagon. The first panicked charge was irresistible. Wagon and supplies toppled like matchsticks and were pounded into the dust. It was all a good rider and pony could do to keep from being crushed.

"To the canyon!" shouted the drive leader. "Turn 'em or they'll run all the way to Colorado!" At all costs the stampede had to be stopped quickly, before the animals could run themselves into exhaustion, thereby seriously diminishing their market value. But controlling the movement of a terrified herd was next to impossible.

The thunder of hooves filled the plain, punctuated by the rapid firing of sixguns. The lead steers were dropped in their tracks, causing the followers to swerve sharply. The sudden movement almost trapped the riders on the left flank. All managed to fight clear, but one inexperi-

enced cowhand allowed himself to get wedged inside the billowing surge of animals. There was an agonized cry of terror as his horse staggered, but before anyone could reach him, both horse and rider disappeared into the crush.

An hour later, by dint of hard riding and reckless courage, the cowhands managed to run the herd into the blank wall of a canyon. There was a pile-up, causing the death of dozens of steers, but the stampede was stopped. For the cowboys, however, the damage was done.

It was a grim band that surveyed the carnage on the plain the next morning. Almost a third of the herd had destroyed itself, and two riders had been killed. "And all because o' that consarned mountain lion!" somebody said. There was no reply, but two men began riding towards the mountain from which the roar had come the night before.

Shortly after noon there was a flurry of shots from far off. Towards dusk the men returned, dragging the corpse of the mountain lion behind them on a rope. Silently, each cowboy emptied his sixgun into the riddled corpse. "I feel better," someone said finally. "So do I," added the drive leader. "Now let's start roundin' up strays. We got plenty o' hard work ahead."

There was little talk around the campfire that night, and nobody sang. "Heck," the drive leader said finally, "this ain't the first herd I've lost by a stampede, an' I don't reckon it'll be the last. But that's all part of a cowpoke's job an' yuh can't let it get yuh down. We'll make up the loss o' money next year. An' remember, we did get that ornery lion."

Suddenly, the tension was lifted and the men began talking freely. Soon, from out on the plain, came the plaintive songs of the outriders, lulling the remainder of the tattered herd to sleep.

The HOODED HORSEMAN



START WITH A CREW OF COLD-BLOODED KILLERS
AND A MYSTERIOUS AMBUSH---STIR THE INGREDIENTS
WITH A JAILBREAK AND A LYNCHING---THEN BRING THE
BREW TO A BOIL WITH THE SMOKING GUNS OF **THE
HOODED HORSEMAN**---AND YOU'VE GOT AS RIP-
SNORTING A SIXGUN SAGA AS YOU'VE EVER READ!

AS BUD FRASER RIDES THE OPEN
RANGE---

WAIT UP, FLASH---I DON'T
LIKE THE LOOKS O' THAT
CLOUD O' CIRCLIN'
BUZZARDS
YONDER! LET'S
HAVE A LOOK-
SEE!

VAMOOSE, YUH ORNERY
VARMINTS---'FORE I SALT
YUH ALL DOWN!

BANG!
BANG!

WAL, I'LL BE SWITCHED---THIS
HOSS WAS SHOT THROUGH THE
HEAD, AND IT'S CARRYIN' A
GOVERNMENT BRANDIN' MARK!
PLenty O' TRACKS ALL AROUND,
LEADIN' TUH THAT CLIFF!
WONDER WHAT---

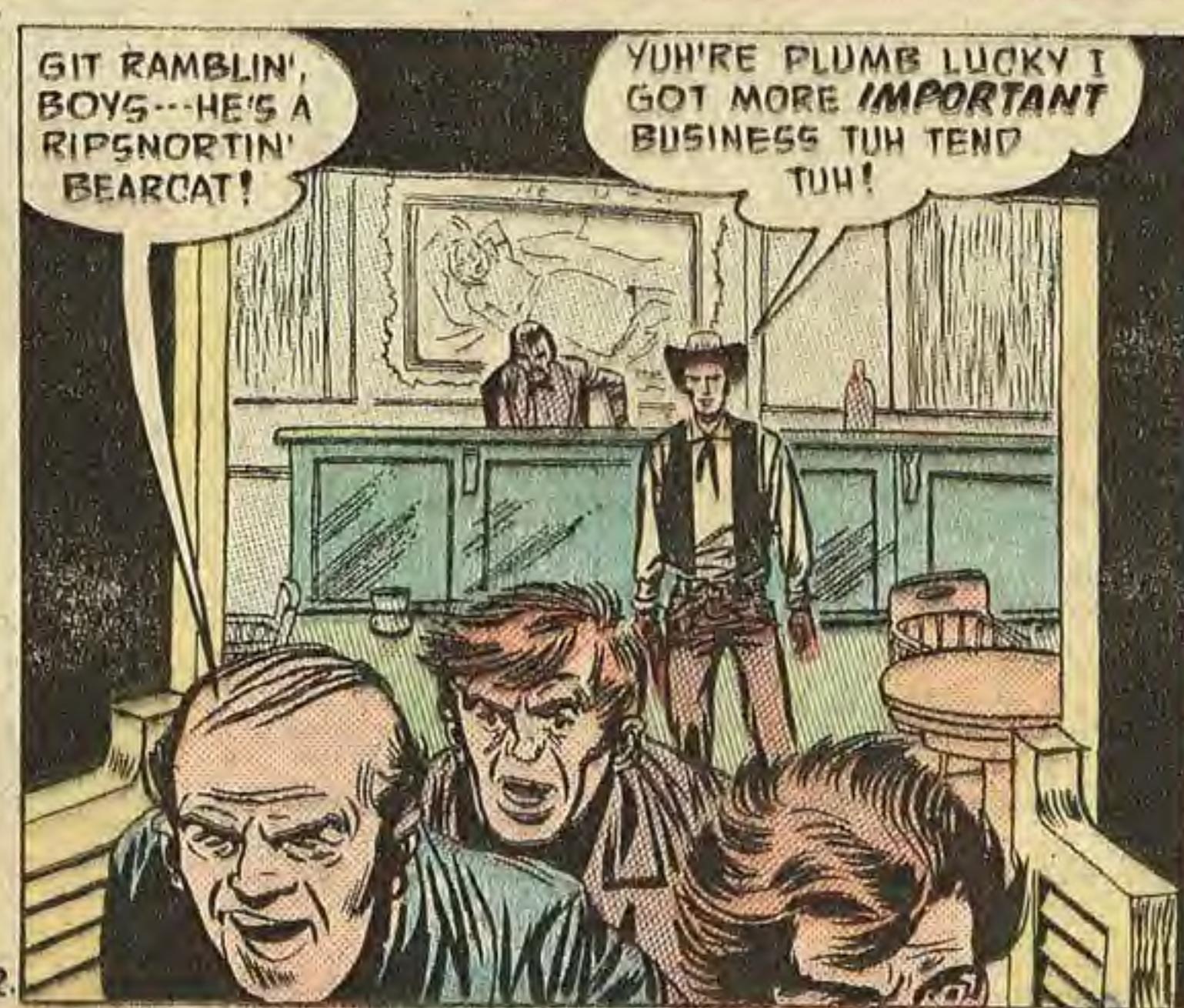
HMM---IT'S PLAIN TUH
SEE THAR WAS A BIT O'
GUNPLAY HERE---WITH
A DEAD MAN FLUNG
INTUH THE RIVER TUH
HIDE THE EVIDENCE!
WE'RE GONNA LOOK
INTUH THIS!

SOON AFTERWARDS...

WHEN YUH HANKER TUH L'ARN
ANYTHIN' IN IN THE WEST,
THAR'S NOTHIN' LIKE SASHAVIN'
ROUND TUH THE NEAREST
SALOON AN' JEST
LISTENIN'!

THEY **CAIN'T**
HANG CLEM TILL
THE U.S. MARSHAL
ARRIVES! WHEN
THAT HAPPENS,
IT'LL BE CLEAR
THAT HE WAS
FRAMED...
BY **RIP KRET-**
LOW!

THAT KINDA TALK
IS PLUMB
DANGEROUS!
---REACH!



THANKS, STRANGER---
YUH'RE THE FIRST WADDIE
THAT'S STOOD UP TUH
KRETLLOW'S MEN SINCE
CLEM DIXON WAS THROWN
IN THE HOOSEGOW!

I AIM TUH KNOW MORE
ABOUT RIP KRETLLOW---
AND CLEM DIXON! WHAT'S
IT ALL ABOUT?

BEST THING TUH DO WOULD
BE TUH PALAVER WITH DIXON'S
SISTER---THE RANCH IS JEST
A PIECE OUT O' TOWN!

THANKS, PARDNER
---I'LL DO JUST
THAT!



AND SO---EASY NOW, I... (MOLLY, EITHER YUH
FLASH---SEEMS 'CHANGE YORE TUNE
LIKE WE'RE INTER- : ABOUT ME, OR YORE
RUPTIN' SOMETHIN'
INTERESTIN'!

DON'T THREATEN ME,
RIP KRETLLOW! I'VE
TOLD YOU BEFORE,
I COULDN'T GET IN-
TERESTED IN YOU IF
YOU WERE THE LAST
MAN ON EARTH! AND
WHEN THE MARSHAL
COMES---YOU BETTER
BE GONE!

DON'T BANK ON THE
MARSHAL, GAL---'CAUSE
MAYBE HE WON'T
SHOW UP, AN' CLEM'LL
GIT HIS NECK
STRETCHED
GOOD AND
PROPER!

THAT AIN'T
NO WAY
TUH TALK
TUH A
LADY, YUH
SIDEWINDIN'
BUZZARD!

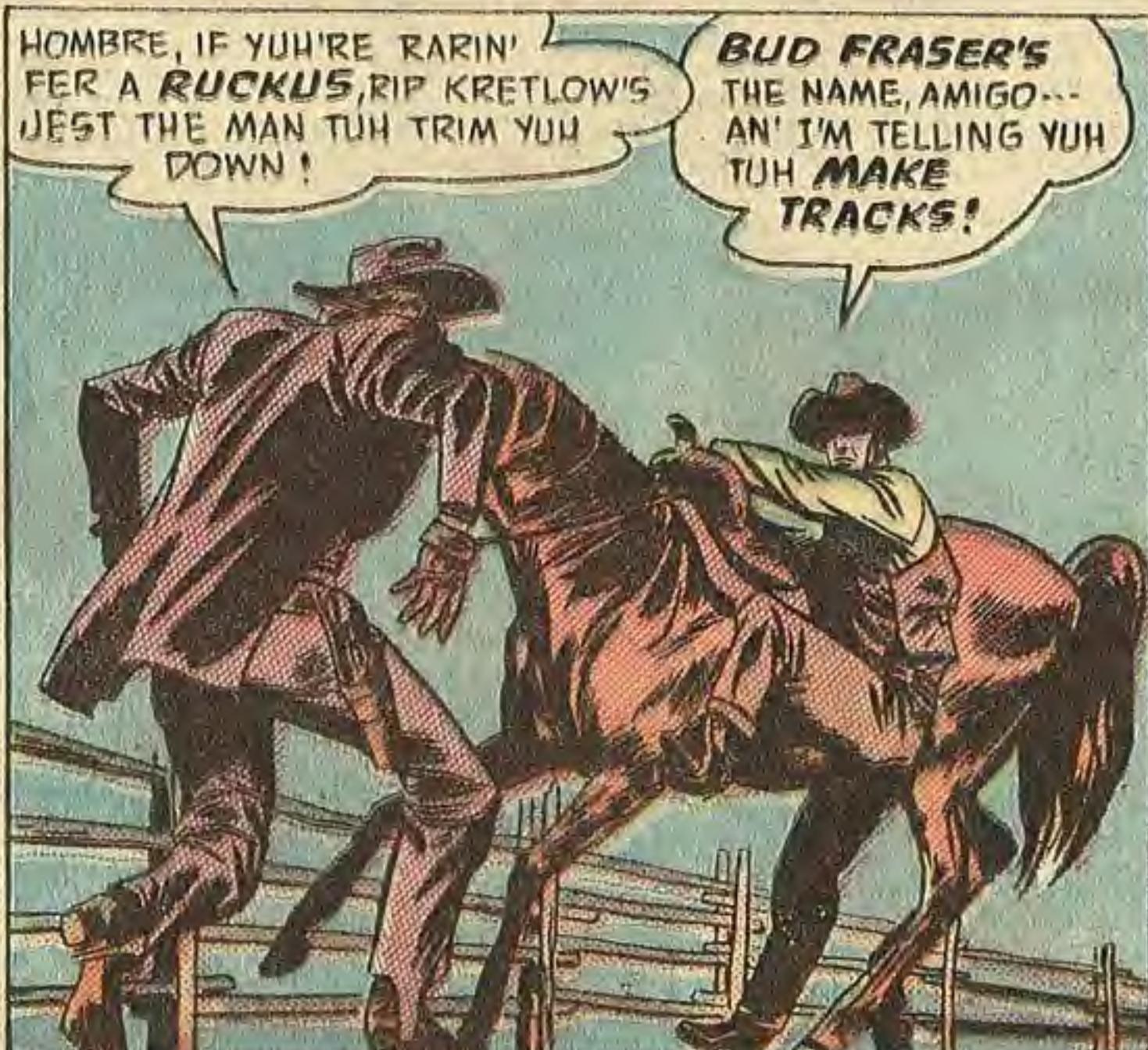


HOMBRE, IF YUH'RE RARIN'
FER A RUCKUS, RIP KRETLLOW'S
JEST THE MAN TUH TRIM YUH
DOWN!

BUD FRASER'S
THE NAME, AMIGO---
AN' I'M TELLING YUH
TUH MAKE
TRACKS!

SLAP LEATHER!
WHAT THE---?

HE---HE SHOT THE
GUNS OUTA OUR
HANDS!





THINGS ARE GETTIN' **HOT**...
AN' THE TOWNFOLKS'LL BE
SHOWIN' UGLY SOON! WE
BETTER HANG DIXON
PRONTO ---AN' TAKE
CARE O' FRASER
LATER!

BUT---YUH CAIN'T
HANG ME! I GOT
A RIGHT---

YUH AIN'T GOT NO
RIGHTS AROUND
HERE! NOW, SHUT
UP, 'FORE I PLUG
YUH!

LET ME SPEAK TUH
MUH SISTER 'FORE
I DIE! YUH CAIN'T
REFUSE ME
THAT!
SHORE---
WE'LL LET
YUH TALK
TUH MOLLY!
I WANT TUH SEE
BOTH OF YUH
SQUIRM! SLIM
---GO GIT HER!



OOO
EWARD

REWARD



SOON AFTERWARDS...

CLEM! I WON'T LET
THEM DO IT TO YOU
---I **WON'T!**

THAR'S **NOTHIN'** YUH CAN
DO ABOUT IT, GAL---CLEM
SWINGS, AN' NOW! LET'S
GO, BOYS!

RECKON
IT'S TIME I
TOOK A
HAND!



GET THIS CELL OPEN
PRONTO, YUH SIDEWINDER
---'FORE MUH DOG TEARS
YUH TUH SHREDS!

ANYTHING,
FRASER...
BUT CALL
'IM OFF!

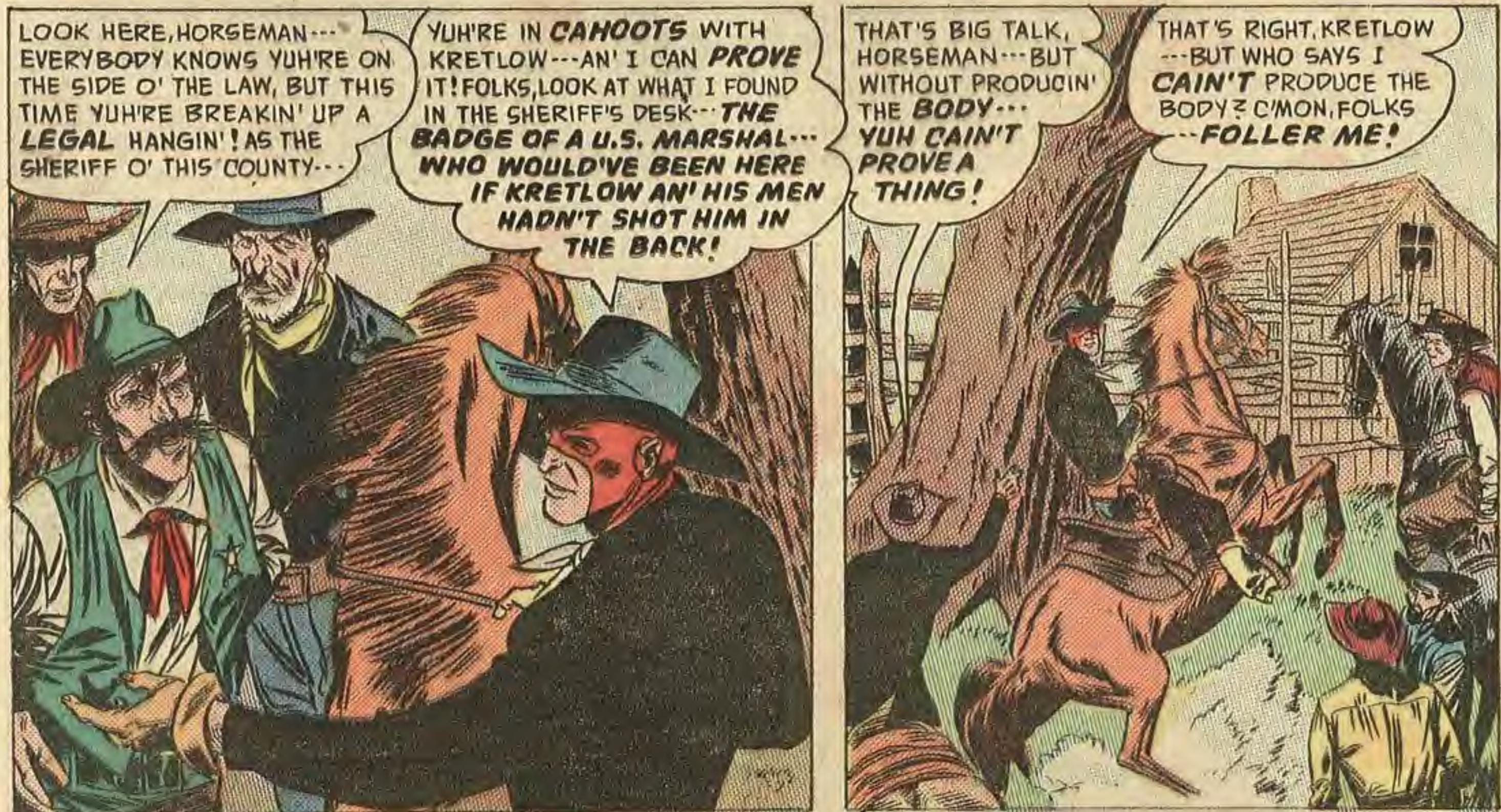
THERE! I
OPENED
---UGH!

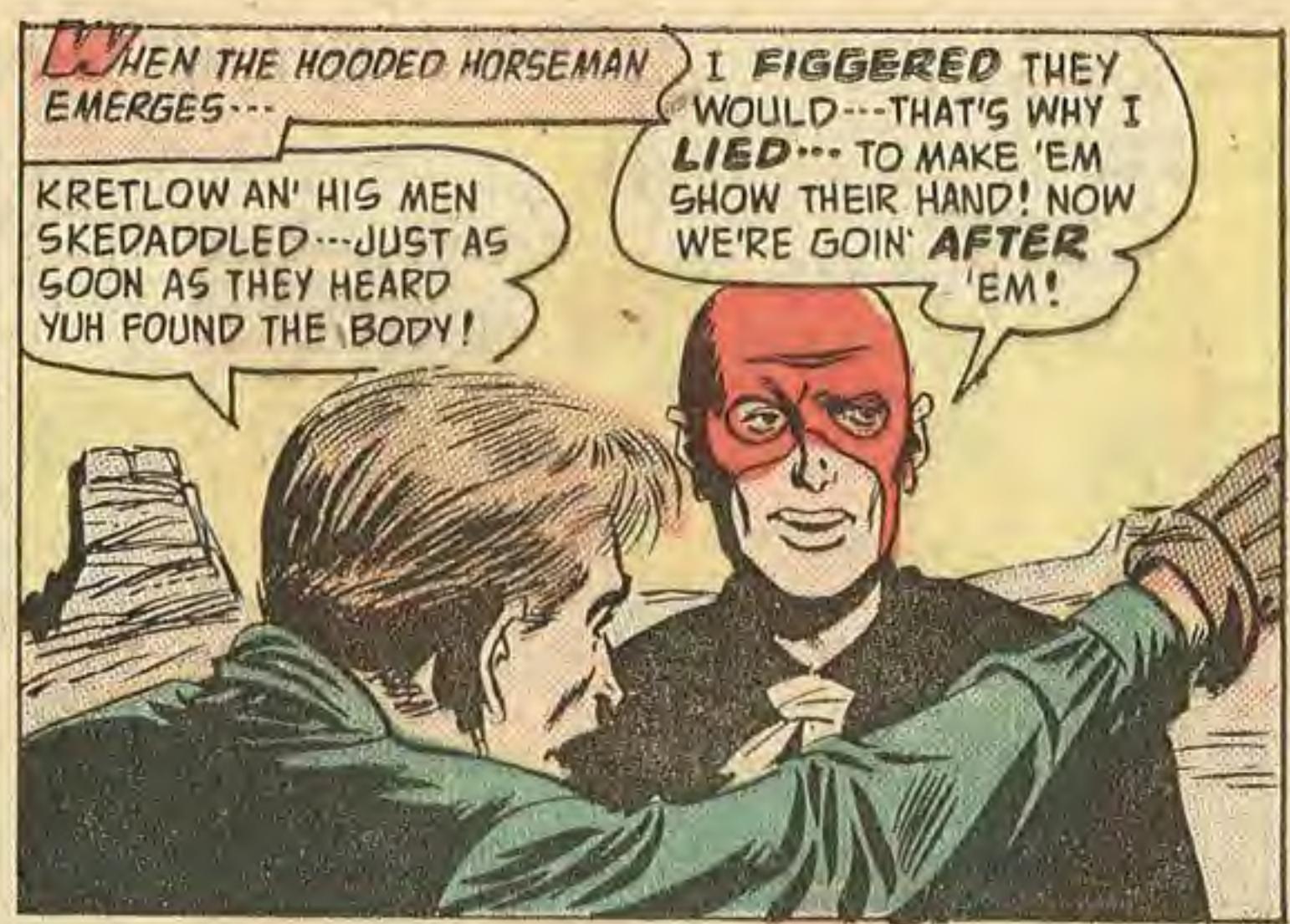
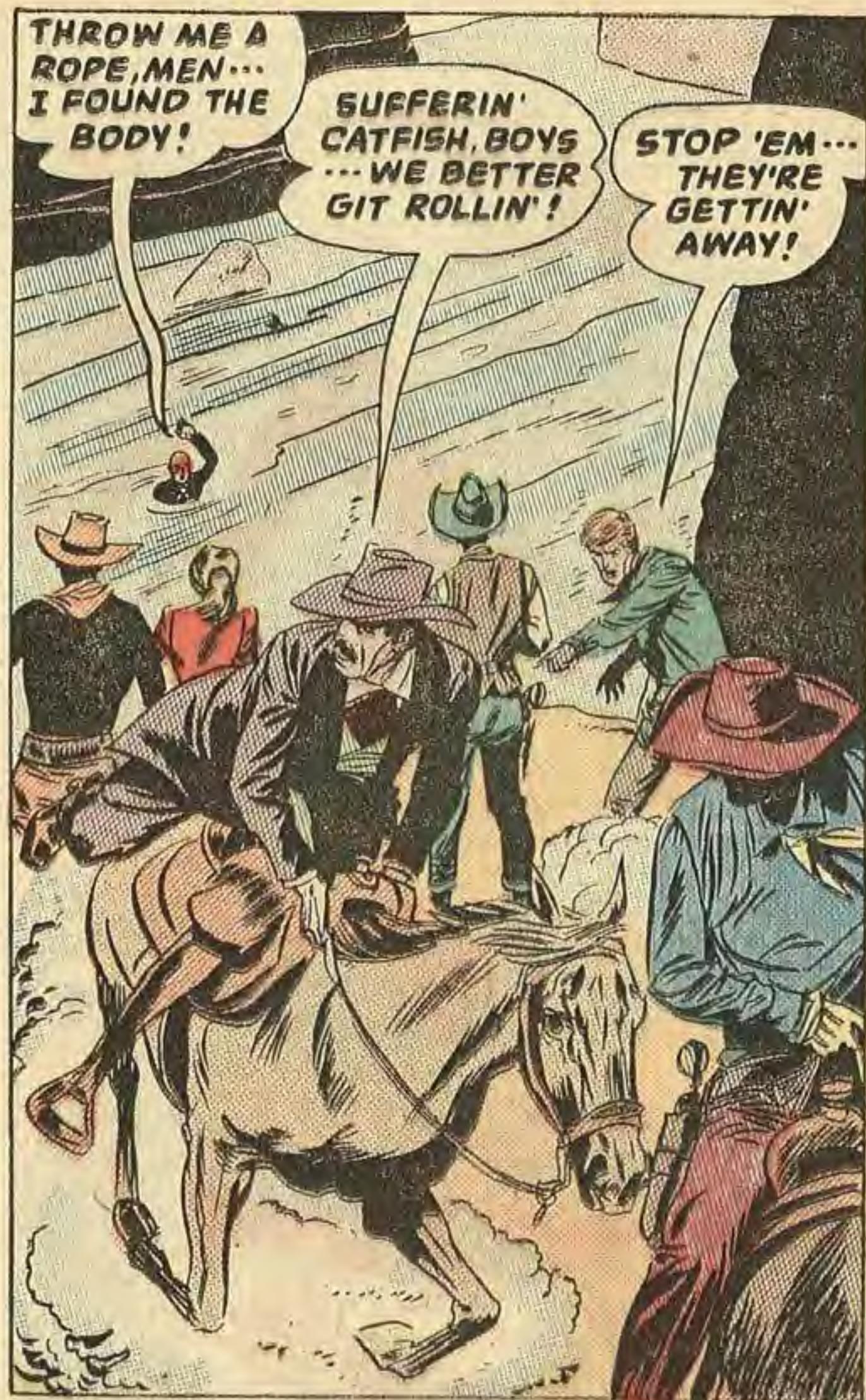
YUH'RE IN MUH
WAY, POLECAT!

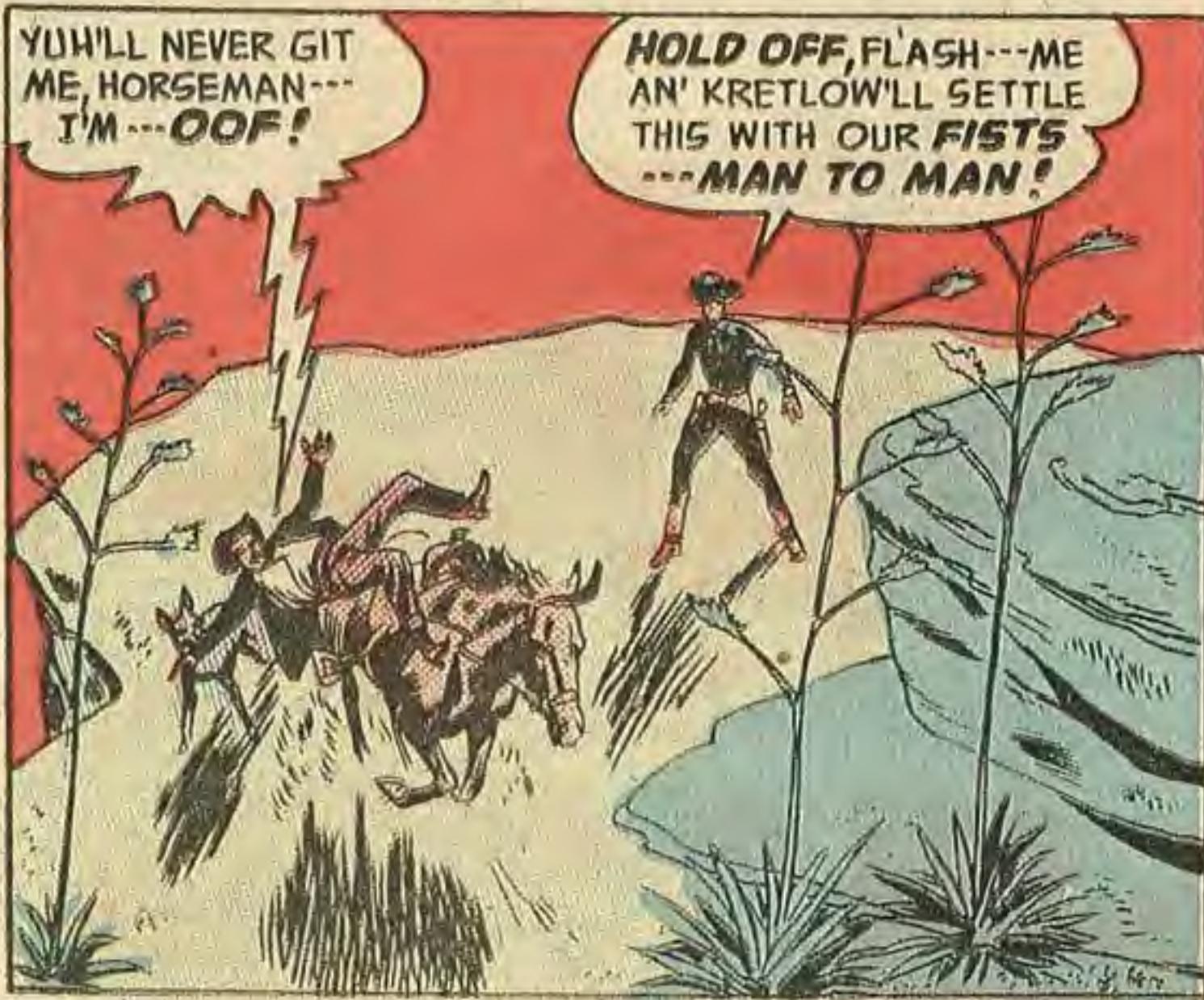
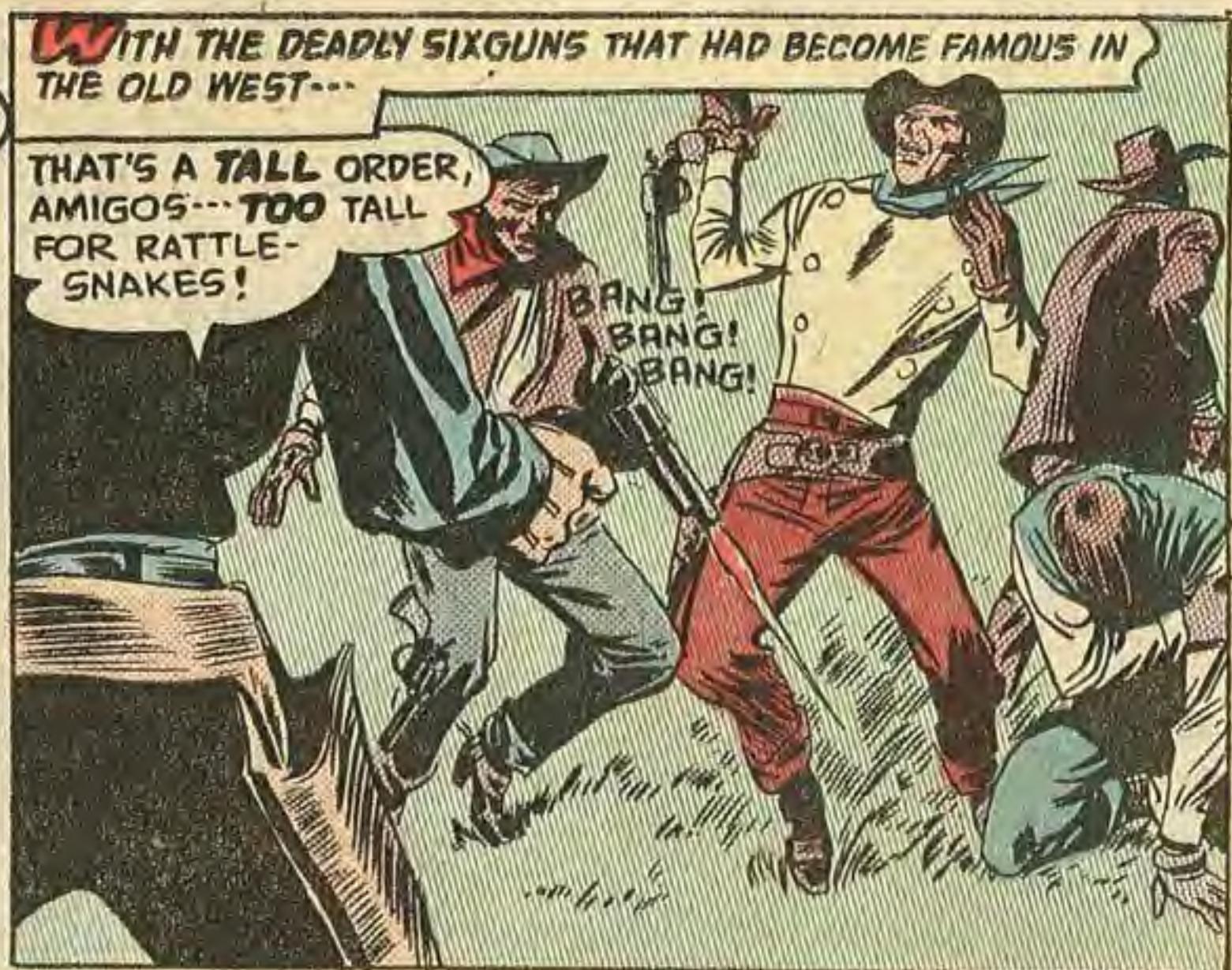


ONLY ONE WAY TUH OPEN THAT
DRAWER---**THIS!** THEN I'M GOIN'
TUH BREAK UP A **LYNCHIN'**---
AS THE HOODED HORSEMAN!
FLASH, YOU FOLLER BEHIND---AN'
STAY OUTA SIGHT TILL I NEED
YUH!











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Bright Feather

BRIGHT FEATHER, YOUNGEST son of the great Shawnee chieftain Tomacin, caught up with the white men long after sundown. For the first time in his life he was going to disobey his honored father. But there was no help for it; Tomacin was leading the tribe straight towards disaster.

The braves had danced wildly after the big powwow. The old men had puffed the sacred pipes furiously. A bargain had been struck with the white traders: in exchange for pelts, furs, and much gold, the Indians were to receive guns, powder and whiskey. Bright Feather had opposed the agreement, but his youthful voice had gone unheeded. The angry braves wanted modern weapons at any cost. They had retreated like whipped jackals too long, and Tomacin had vowed that the whites would be driven from their hunting grounds. Bright Feather had fought many battles already, and though it pained him to admit it, he had long ago concluded that the palefaces would never be defeated, for were they not as many as the trees in the forest?

No, fighting was useless. The Shawnee would have to learn to live in peace with their white brethren, for otherwise, the red men would surely die. Bright Feather, already renowned for his bravery, saw this fact clearly. The white traders he had pursued all day were desperate men, unworthy to live, for were they not willing to sell guns which would be used against their own people? He had thought the matter over carefully. The only way to prevent the destruction of his tribe was to prevent the guns from ever reaching them. An agreement had been struck, but dead man could not carry out bargains.

He crept closer, peering through the leaves toward where the three palefaces were huddled together around a camp fire. They had evil, whiskey drenched faces, and as one of them carried a bottle of the accursed fire water to his lips, Bright Feather felt a surge of hatred sweep over him. He wanted to scream and charge forward brandishing his tomahawk, but he had learned restraint long ago. No, the whites were big, tough-looking, and carried side-arms. It would be stupid to charge them recklessly, just as stupid as the intent of his tribe to continue the futile fight against the settlers.

Bright Feather ran his finger along the edge of his hunting knife. Soon the palefaces would go to sleep. He could wait. Hours passed as he remained absolutely motionless in his hiding place. From afar came the wail of a lonely coyote. Then, when he heard the sound of even and regular breathing, he crept forward, with infinite stealth, gripping his knife tightly.

In five minutes his work was over. There had been no cry, no sound, nothing. The Indian prince looked down at the three corpses and considered taking their scalps. But that would be foolish, he thought, for Tomacin would be suspicious. Though he was a well-loved son, his father would have tortured him to death for such disobedience. Reluctantly, he ran to where he had hidden the pony, and galloped back to his tribe.

The drums were still beating and most of the braves were crazy drunk, still screaming death and defiance. But without rifles they would be forced to make peace at last. Bright Feather smiled. He had served his people well.

INJUN JONES

WESTERN HISTORY KNEW NO GREATER FURY THAN THAT WHICH WAS UNLEASHED WHEN ONE INDIAN NATION WENT ON THE WARPATH AGAINST ANOTHER... FOR THEN MEN, WOMEN AND CHILDREN ON BOTH SIDES WERE SLAUGHTERED MERCILESSLY! BUT THERE WAS ONE WARRIOR WHOSE BLAZING GUNS AND SMASHING FISTS ENFORCED PEACE AMONG THE TRIBES...THE WHITE APACHE KNOWN THROUGHOUT THE WEST AS INJUN JONES!

YOU LOOK WORRIED, INJUN! WHAT DID YOU AND CHIEF RED CLOUD TALK ABOUT BACK THERE AT THE APACHE CAMP?

ABOUT TROUBLE, VICKIE! AN APACHE SCOUT JEST CAME BACK FROM THE ARAPAHO COUNTRY WITH NEWS THAT THE APAPAHOS' SACRED TRIBAL PIPE HAD BEEN STOLEN! AN' A COUPLE O' WHITE TRADERS HAD BEEN TELLIN' THE INJUNS THAT THEY'D OVERHEARD APACHES BOASTIN' ABOUT HAVIN' STOLEN THE SACRED FETISH!

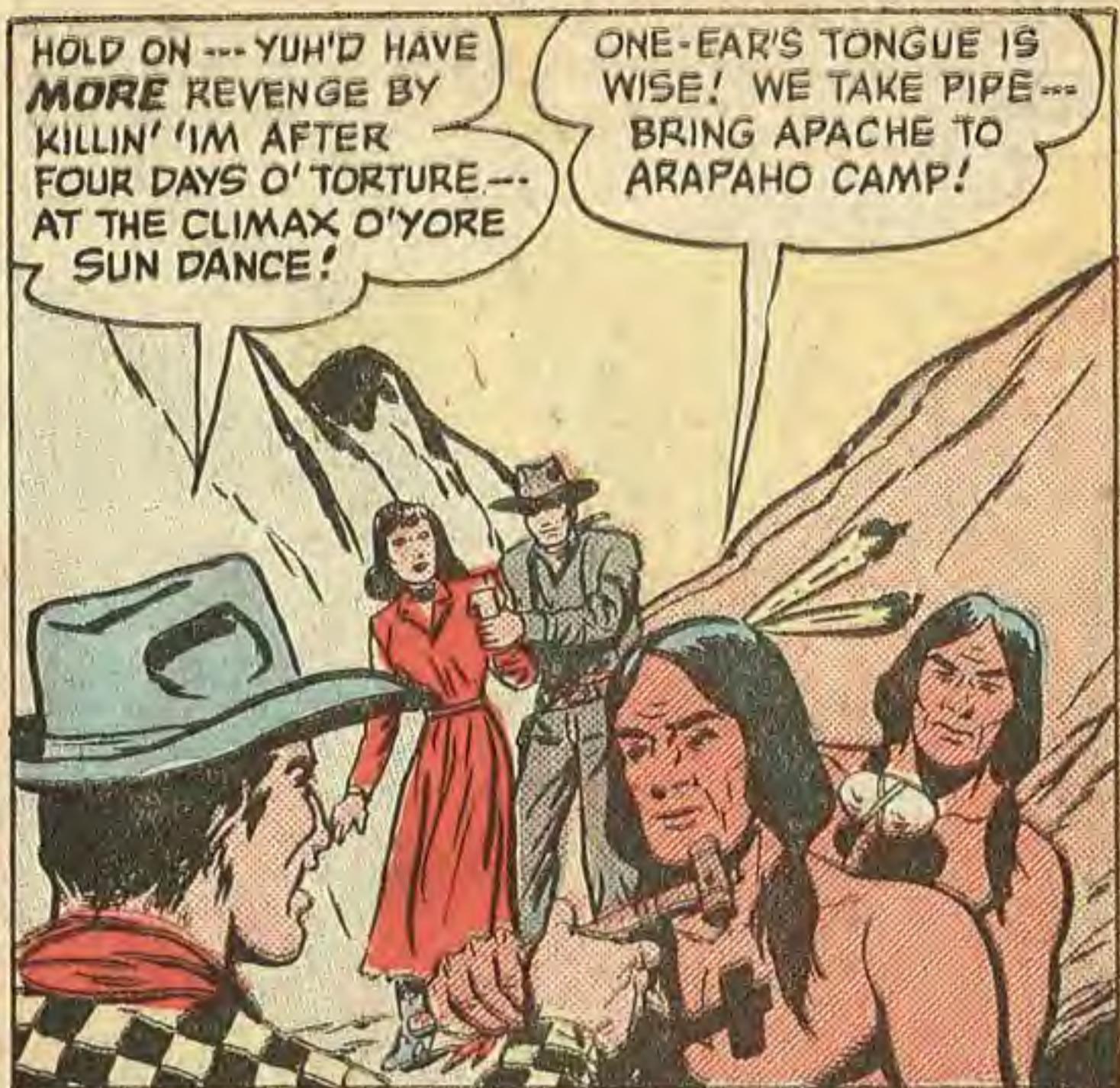


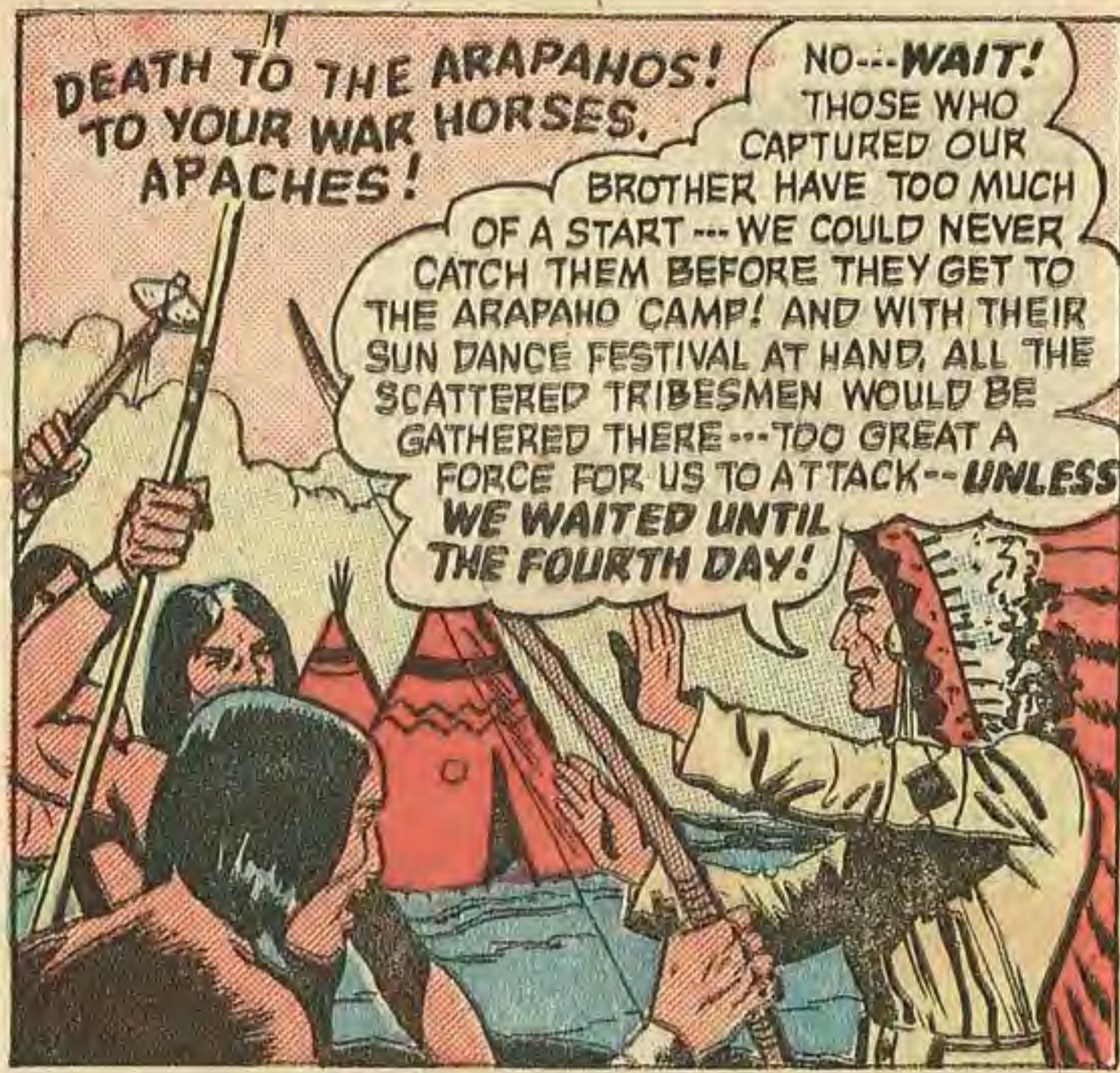
THE ARAPAHOS SWORE TUH GO ON THE WAR-PATH AG'INST THE APACHES TUH AVENGE THE SACRILEGE -- BUT THEY DECIDED TUH HOLD OFF THE INVASION FER THE TIME BEIN', BECAUSE THIS IS THE TIME O' YEAR FER THEIR SACRED SUN DANCE FESTIVAL! BUT THEY PLAN TUH ATTACK IN FORCE JEST AS SOON AS THEIR FOUR DAY CEREMONIAL IS OVER! THE APACHES ARE INNOCENT, O'COURSE --- BUT IN ORDER TO DEFEND OURSELVES, THERE'LL HAVE TUH BE MASS TRIBAL WAR!

THE ONLY HOPE I'VE GOT TUH HEAD OFF THAT WAR IS TUH FIND THE TWO WHITE TRADERS WHO WERE SPREADIN' THOSE LIES ABOUT US --- AN' TUH BEAT THE TRUTH OUT OF 'EM!









THEN, WHERE THE MOUNTAINS TAPER DOWN TO THE GREAT PLAINS ...

I CAIN'T TURN BACK ... ALL WE'LL KEEP I KIN DO IS GO FORWARD ... HERDIN' IM TOWARD THE TUH ARAPAHO COUNTRY!

ARAPAHO CAMP! YUH REDSKINS TRY TO TAKE A SHORT-CUT AN' AROUSE THE REST O' YORE TRIBE!

GOOD... WE KNOW 'UM SHORT-CUT!

SOON AFTERWARDS ...

A SURVEYIN' EXPEDITION! RECKON

I KIN PULL UP LONG ENOUGH TUH FIND OUT WHAT THEY'RE DOIN' IN THESE PARTS!



WE'RE SURVEYIN' FOR A RAILROAD THAT'S DUE TO PASS RIGHT THROUGH THE HEART OF THE ARAPAHO COUNTRY! SO IF YOU BELONG TO THAT TRIBE, INJUN, TELL YOUR PEOPLE WE'LL PAY THEM WELL FOR THEIR LAND!

NOW I KNOW WHY THEM WHITES TOLD THOSE TWO ARAPAHOES TUH VEER OFF --- THEY MUST'VE KNOWN ABOUT

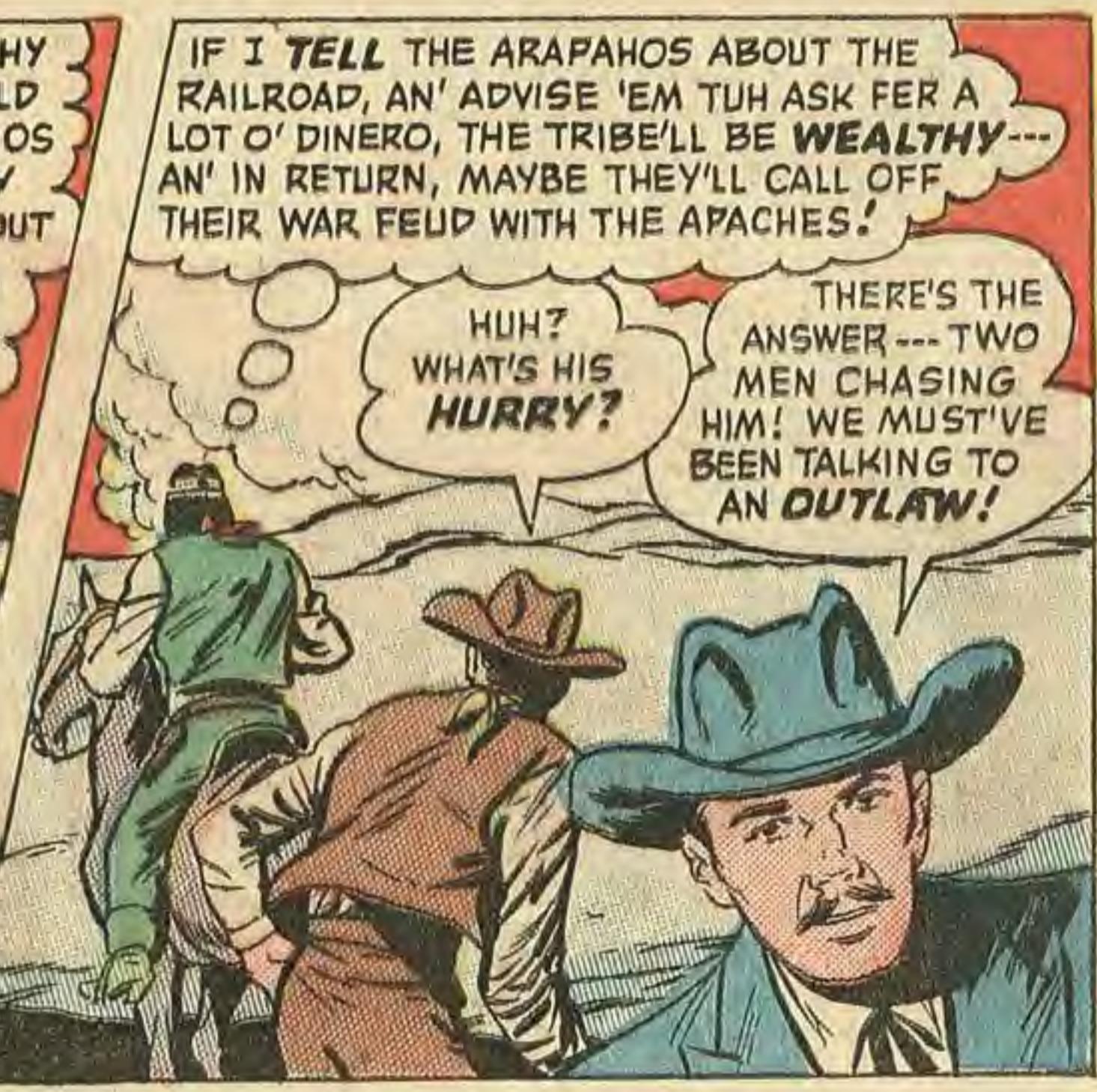
THE SURVEYIN' TEAM, BUT THEY DIDN'T WANT THE ARAPAHOES TUH FIND OUT ABOUT IT!



IF I TELL THE ARAPAHOES ABOUT THE RAILROAD, AN' ADVISE 'EM TUH ASK FER A LOT O' DINERO, THE TRIBE'LL BE WEALTHY --- AN' IN RETURN, MAYBE THEY'LL CALL OFF THEIR WAR FEUD WITH THE APACHES!

HUH? WHAT'S HIS HURRY?

THERE'S THE ANSWER --- TWO MEN CHASING HIM! WE MUST'VE BEEN TALKING TO AN OUTLAW!



AFTER A HARD GALLOP TO THE ARAPAHO CAMP...

GREETINGS, ARAPAHOES --- THAT IS NO FRIEND --- I COME AS A FRIEND --- THAT IS INJUN BEARING GOOD NEWS!

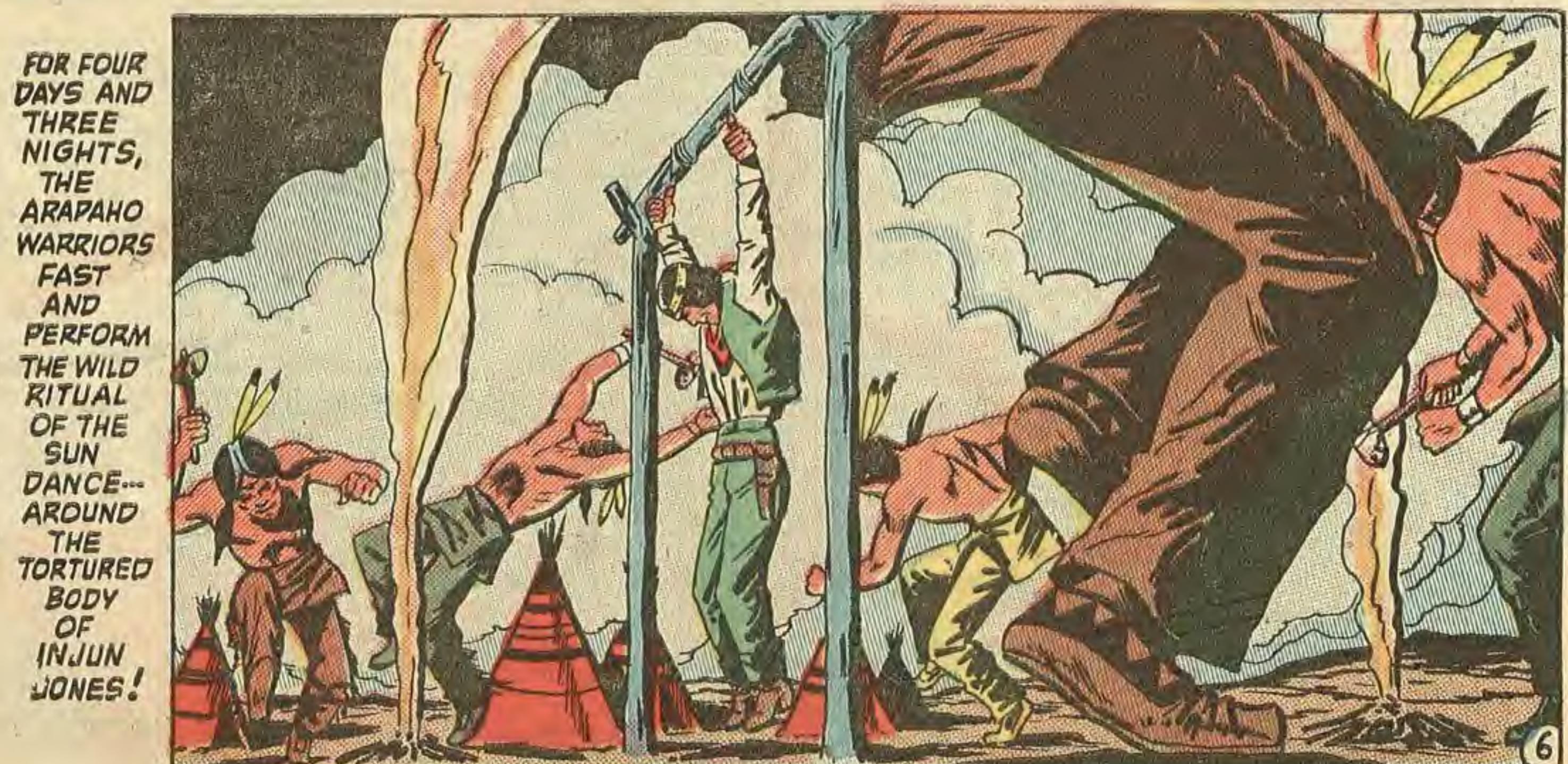
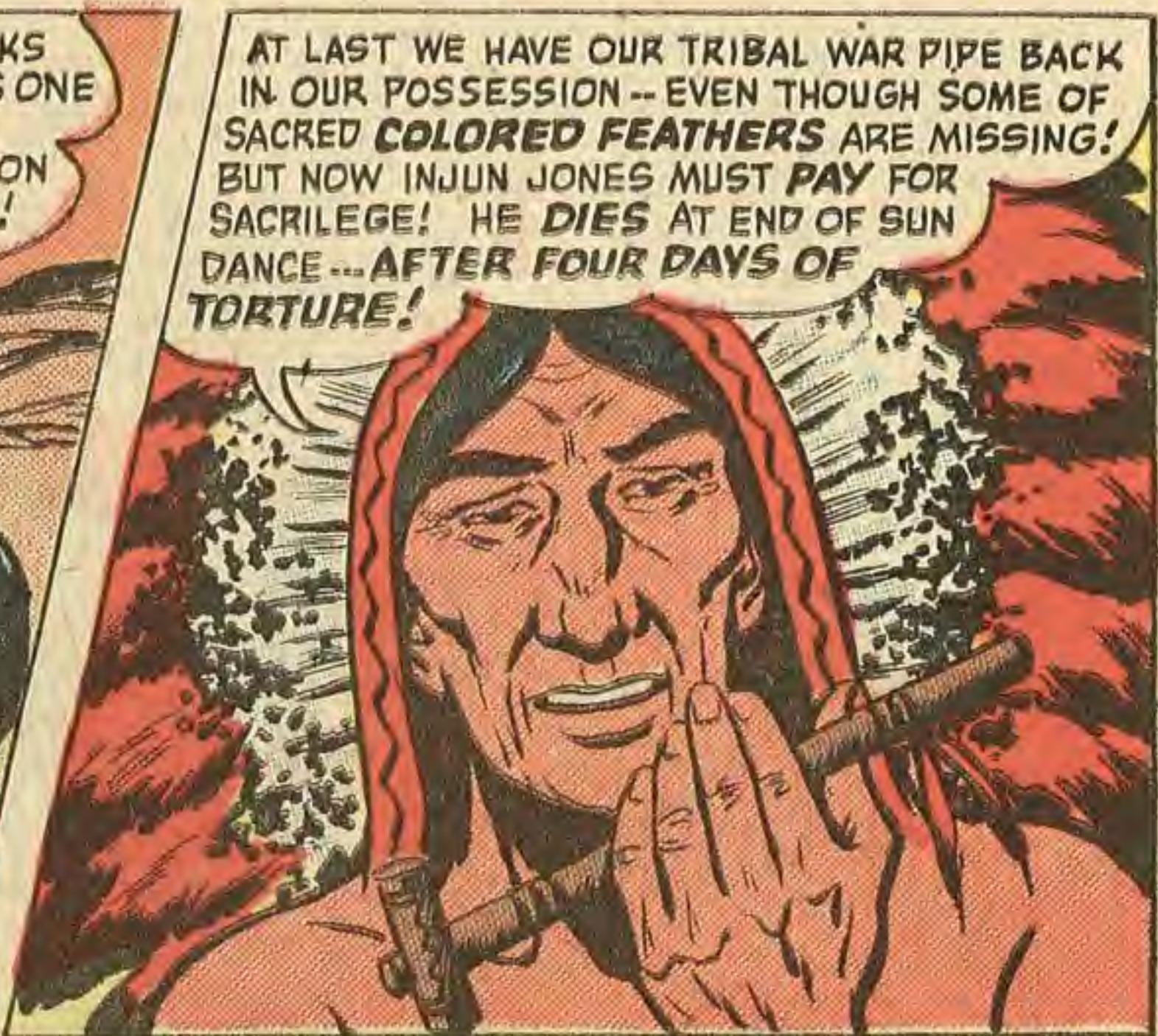
JONES --- THE APACHE WHO STOLE OUR SACRED TRIBAL PIPE! IT WAS WELL WE GOT HERE BEFORE HE DID... SEIZE HIM!



WAL, IF IT'S A FIGHT YUH WANT, I'LL BE GLAD TUH OBLIGE!

WHAM!





FINALLY, ON THE FOURTH NIGHT...

WE ARE ALL WEAK WITH
FASTING -- BUT NOW LET
US RENEW OUR STRENGTH
BY WATCHING OUR
VICTIM'S DEATH!
IGNITE HIS
FUNERAL
PYRE!

TO ARMS,
ARAPAHOS!
--- THE
APACHES
ATTACK!

AS THE APACHES RIDE ROUGH-
SHOD OVER THE HUNGER-
WEAKENED ARAPAHO WARRIORS --

DEATH TO THE
TORTURERS OF
INJUN
JONES!

IN THE MIDST OF THE TURMOIL
OF BATTLE...

THIS IS
EVERYONE'S FORGOTTEN
ABOUT ME ... BUT I
HAVEN'T FORGOTTEN
ABOUT THEM TWO
POLECATS! LUCKY
THAT ARAPAHO SET
THE STRAW IN BACK
OF ME AFIRE FUST--
IF I SCROUNCH DOWN A
MITE, THE FIRE'LL EAT
AWAY AT THE ROPES TYIN'
MUIH HANDS!

MOMENTS LATER...
FREEDOM! THEN...

WHAT THE...!



THIS'LL PUT YUH ON ICE -- WHILE
I TEND TUH YORE COYOTE
OF A PARDNER!



YUH'LL START TALKIN' FAST, ONE-EAR--
OR GIT THE BEATIN' O' YORE LIFE!



GIT UP,
VARMINT,
OR...
HUH?



APACHES---SHEATHE YOUR WEAPONS! ARAPAHOS---GATHER AROUND AND SEE WHO IS YOUR **REAL ENEMY!**

INJUN JONES---HE IS ALIVE AND WHOLE! HEED HIS WORDS, APACHES---**CEASE FIGHTING!**



WHAT HAVE YOU TO SHOW US, APACHE?

YUH SAID SOME O' THE SACRED COLORED FEATHERS WERE **MISSIN'** FROM YORE SACRED TRIBAL PIPE --- BUT IF ONE-EAR WAS TELLIN' THE **TRUTH** WHEN HE SAID HE TOOK THE PIPE FROM **ME**, THEN WHAT'RE SOME O' THOSE SACRED COLORED FEATHERS DOIN' STUCK TUH THE **INSIDE O' HIS SHIRT?**



IT... IT IS TRUE!



YUH STOLE THAT PIPE ---

I... I ADMIT IT! --- I GOT AN' HID IT INSIDE YORE SHIRT UNTIL YUH COULD PLANT IT ON ME! ADMIT IT, YUH COYOTE --- OR ARAPAHO TORTURE'LL BE **NOTHIN'** COMPARED TUH WHAT I'LL GIVE YUH!

INSIDE INFORMATION THAT THE RAILROAD WAS GOIN' TUH OFFER THE ARAPAHOS A FORTUNE FOR THE RIGHT TUH LAY TRACKS ACROSS THEIR LAND --- AN' I THOUGHT OF A WAY OF GITTIN' THAT MONEY!



I FILED A CLAIM TUH THE LAND --- BUT THE CLAIM WAS WORTHLESS UNLESS THE ARAPAHOS **ABANDONED** THE LAND! SO I STOLE THE WAR PIPE AN' BLAMED IT ON INJUN JONES --- TUH STIR UP WAR BETWEEN THE APACHES AN' THE ARAPAHOS! I PURPOSELY LET THE GAL GO, KNOWIN' SHE'D RUN TUH THE APACHES --- AN' THAT THE APACHES WOULD ATTACK WHEN THE ARAPAHOS WERE WEAK WITH FASTIN' AN' COULD BE WIPE OUT TUH THE LAST MAN! THEN I'D OWN THE LAND --- AN' CASH IN!



WE WILL TAKE CARE OF THE TREACHEROUS ONE-EAR WHO CAUSED UNNECESSARY BLOOD-SHED BETWEEN OUR PEOPLES! LET THE APACHES JOIN THEIR ARAPAHO BROTHERS IN SMOKING THE PIPE OF PEACE!

YOU HAVE SPOKEN WAL, THAT'S WISELY! HENCE-FORTH OUR TRIBES I'LL ALLUS BE ON HAND SHALL BE TUH TAKE CARE AS ONE! O'ANYONE WHO BREAKS THIS PEACE PACT!



INJUN JONES WILL BE ON HAND IN ANOTHER THRILLING SAGA OF THE OLD WEST --- IN THE **NEXT ISSUE!**

BOOT HILL

ONE OF THE MOST FAMOUS HILLS IN AMERICA FROM THE 1870'S ON WAS **BOOT HILL**-- DODGE CITY'S CEMETERY, FINAL RESTING PLACE OF SOME OF THE MOST NOTORIOUS GUNMEN EVER TO SLAP LEATHER!

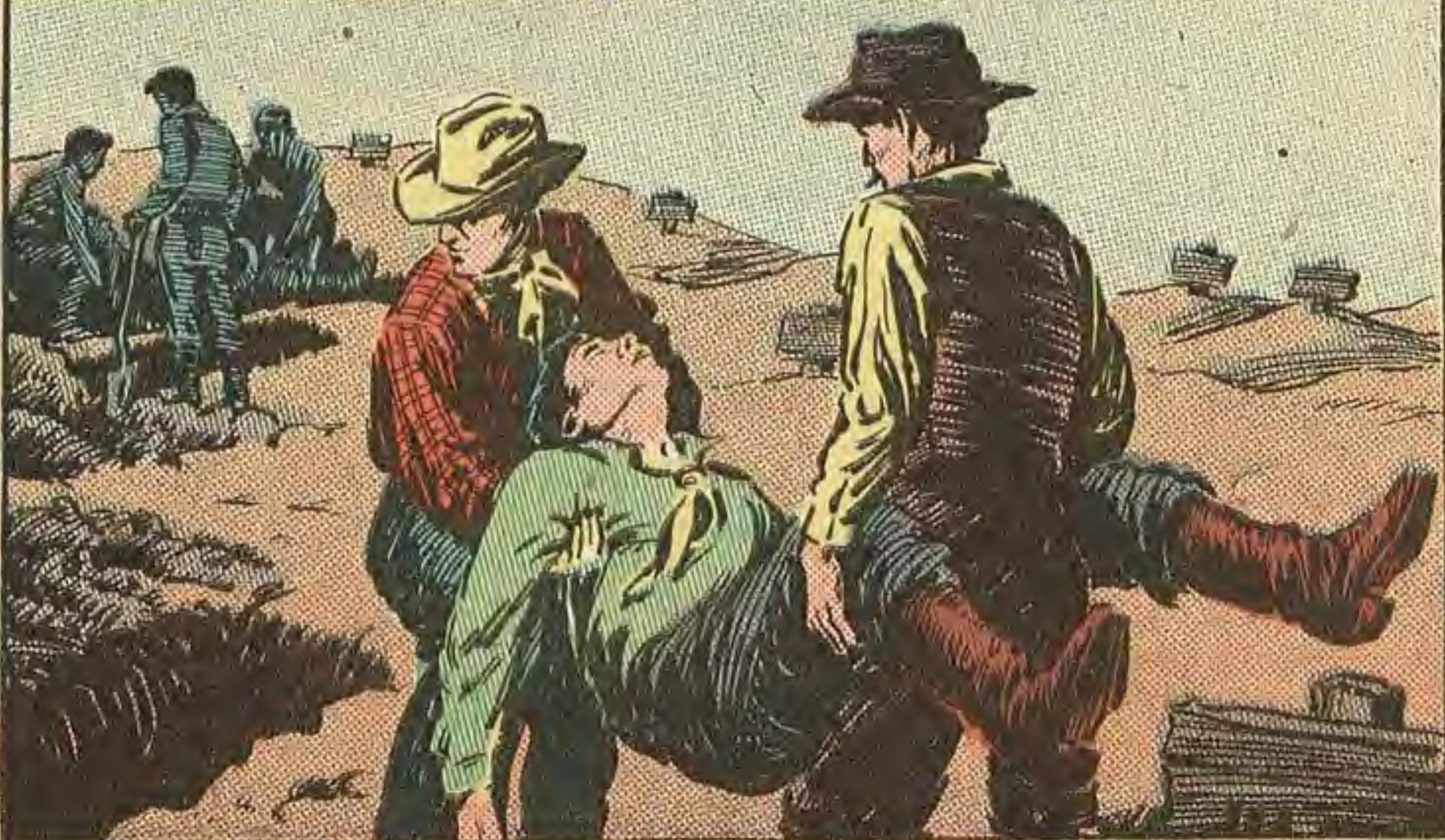
FROM THE YEAR OF ITS FOUNDING IN 1872, DODGE CITY WAS THE MECCA OF HORSETHIEVES, OUTLAWS, GUN-FIGHTERS, GAMBLERS, AND KILLERS-- AND ITS HANDFUL OF HONEST CITIZENS AND MERCHANTS LIVED IN CONSTANT FEAR FOR THEIR LIVES!



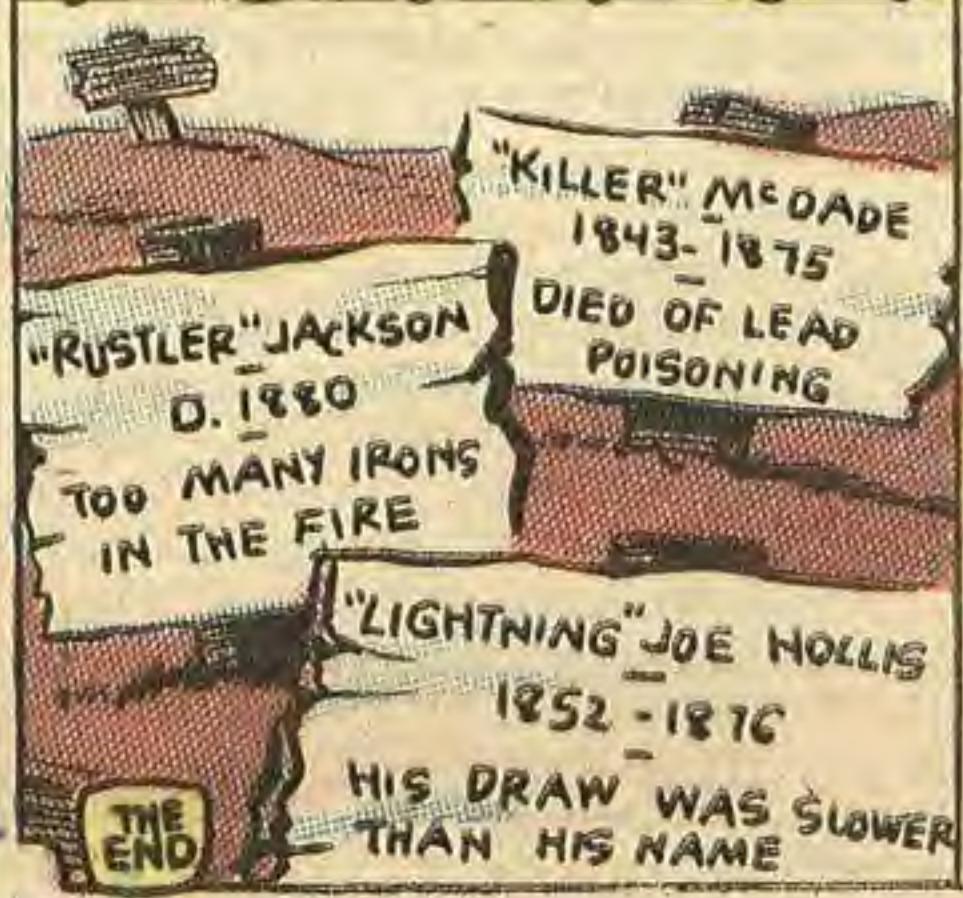
KILLINGS BECAME COMMONPLACE-- AND THE MARSHALL OF DODGE CITY HAD A BUSY TIME OF IT!



HOW DID BOOT HILL GET ITS NAME? FROM THE FACT THAT NEARLY ALL ITS INHABITANTS DIED WITH THEIR BOOTS ON -- AND WERE BURIED IN THEM!



TODAY, BOOT HILL IS THE SITE OF A CITY HALL-- BUT THE GRAVEYARD'S FAME STILL LIVES ON IN MEN'S MEMORIES-- AND IN THE EPITAPHS PRESERVED IN STATE MUSEUMS!



THE
END

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THAN HIS NAME

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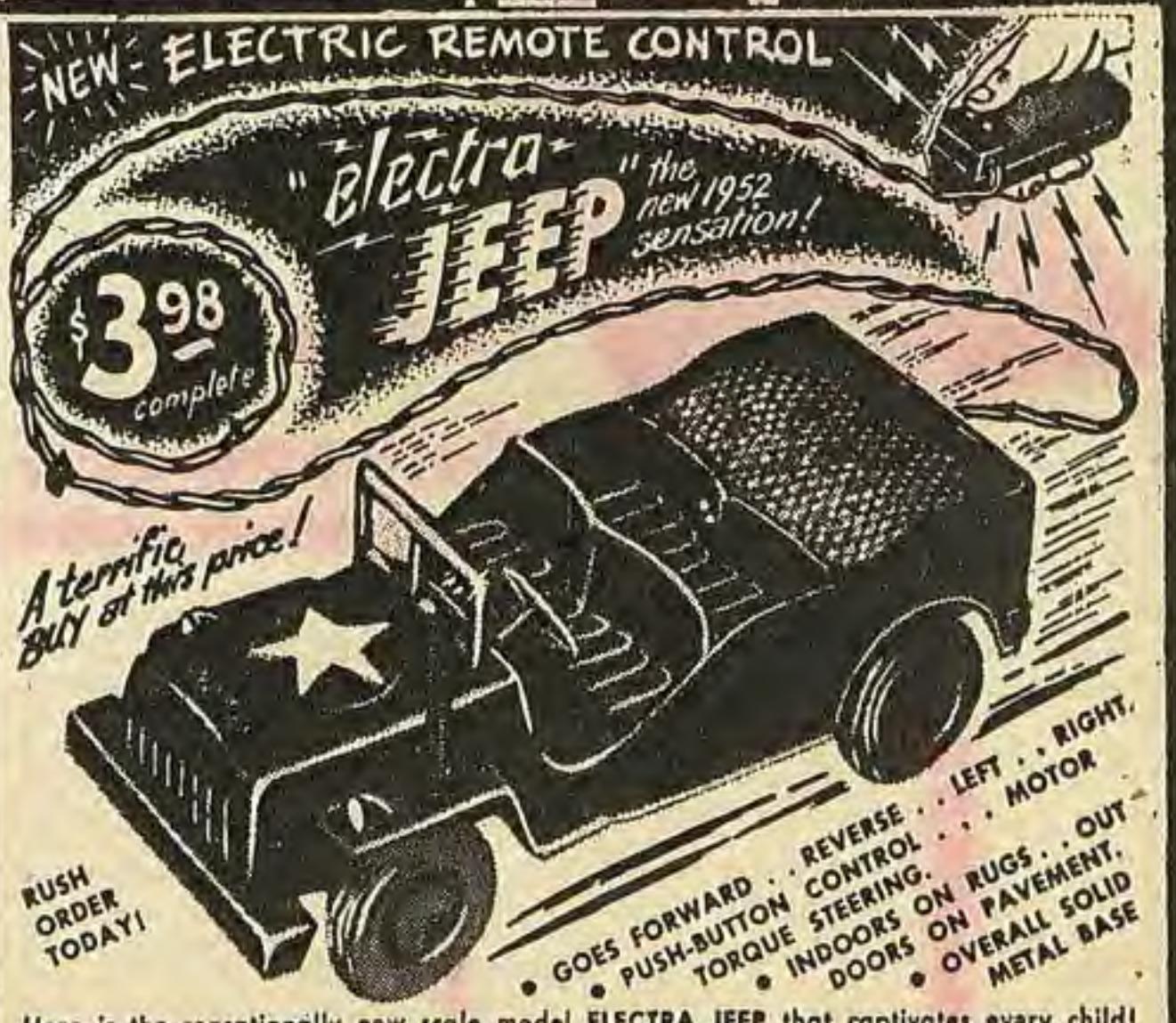
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